The Nation.
February 16, 1980 $1

ETENST * 81
E.TENN.ST.UNIV.
PER.DPT.SHERROD LBR
JOHNSON CITY, TN 37601
FEB 14 1980
1073

EDITORIAL

THE ABSCAM CAPER

It seems that not much is new at the "new F.B.I." The latest caper, in which agents posing as businessmen and Arab sheiks offered bribes to selected public officials (how selected remains troublingly obscure), and the subsequent leaking of prejudicial details to the press in advance of any indictment or consideration of evidence by a grand jury, shows that the Bureau's regard for constitutional rights has not improved significantly under the leadership of Director William Webster.

In fact, we can recall no more outrageous example of misconduct through the use of prejudicial publicity by law-enforcement officials at this stage of a criminal investigation. Especially disturbing is that such misconduct has been directed against elected officials at the beginning of an election year. Many months and perhaps years later, the judicial system may in whole or in part exonerate any of the accused. But a political adjudication has already been made. For those involved, the punishment has already begun.

If the continuing revelations concerning operation Abscam prove anything, it is the need for a strict legislative charter to limit the mandate of the Bureau to *investigating* rather than *instigating* criminal activity. The capacity for political mischief when such extensive and intrusive undercover operations are directed at elected officials is, of course, immense. In the Hoover days, such information might well have reposed in the Director's private files, for blackmail purposes, so the Bureau's new-found zeal against crime in the suites is salutary; but the operation also highlights improper F.B.I. conduct that is not unique to Abscam. Perhaps this episode, which has hit Congressmen so close to home, will finally prompt them to enact a law that will check such abuses.

CONSPIRACY EXCHANGE
Jo Pomerance
Carl Oglesby
Cook, Donner

THE TALK OF TRANSKEI
Roger Wilkins

AGRIBUSINESS ON CAMPUS
Al Meyerhoff

AN IRISH PROTESTANT VIEWS UNITY
Michael McDowell

CHOMSKY AND THE PRESS
A.J. Langguth

HOLLYWOOD SENDS IN THE MARINES
Gerald Weales

THE AGENCY'S BILL

MOYNIHAN UNLEASHES THE C.I.A.

The C.I.A. has spied on our own people. The F.B.I. has committed burglaries. . . . This is a time for change in our country. I don't want the people to change. I want the Government to change.

—Jimmy Carter, Dallas, September 24, 1976

GEORGE LARDNER Jr.

Television crews and Congressional aides squeezed up against one another in a Senate hearing room last month for a bizarre lesson in semantics. The drive for "reform" of the Central Intelligence Agency and the rest of the nation's intelligence community had taken a new turning, as Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan proceeded to demonstrate at a crowded press conference.

It was the day after President Carter's State of the Union Message with its alarums over the Persian Gulf and what Carter called "unwarranted restraints" on our intelligence-gathering activities. Moynihan and six colleagues—four Republicans and two Democrats—seized on the occasion to introduce what they christened the Intelligence Reform Act of 1980. Simply put, the proposal amounts to an official secrets act. It would enable the C.I.A. to close the door on most of its misdeeds, past, present or anticipated. It would repeal the law governing covert operations and lift Congressional restraints in effect for the past six years. It would provide for the prosecution of citizens who disclose certain information, even if it is in the public domain.

Moynihan, of course, characterized the measure differently. It was simply a modest beginning, he said—a three-part proposal that "should be seen as but the first blocks in the reconstruction of our intelligence community, not the final edi-

(Continued on Page 176)

LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCHANGE.

COMMENTS UNLIMITED

Ithaca, N.Y.

I read Frank Donner's piece, "Conspiracies Unlimited" [*The Nation*, Dec. 22, 1979] with more than the usual interest. While I was Chief Counsel and Staff Director to the House Select Committee on Assassinations, Mr. Donner and I were in correspondence. On May 13, 1979, he wrote me that he "believe[d] that the Committee did a splendid job in its investigation. It is thorough and should not give rise to the sort of criticism which followed the Warren Commission." He noted that he had "no quarrel with the objectivity or thoroughness of the Committee's probe. . . ."

I responded on June 11, 1979, that I appreciated his "kind words," but that I "seriously doubt[ed] that . . . [the Committee's] work . . . [would] be treated any more charitably than the Warren Commission's. . . ."

Mr. Donner apparently had a change of heart between May and December. My opinion remains constant, and I suggest to your readers that if they are interested in the work of either the Warren Commission or the Select Committee they pay little attention to the critics Mr. Donner so rightly criticizes or to Mr. Donner himself. They should read what the Warren Commission as well as the Select Committee said, particularly on the issue of the second gunman and the acoustical evidence, which is neither "dubious" nor "infirm."

G. Robert Blakey
Professor of Law
Cornell Law School

ASSASSINATION INFORMED

Cambridge, Mass.

As a member of the Assassination Information Bureau, which Frank Donner dismisses with the coinage "conspiralogists," as well as author of *The Yankee and Cowboy War*, which he sneers at as "fiction," I must offer a few comments on his article.

First, Donner must not be allowed to get away with his amazingly ill-informed assertion that "the leaders and activist champions of the conspiracy constituency are drawn from the New Left," whom he depicts as "afflicted by a sense of loss" over "the declining radicalism of the 1960s."

I have been active on the J.F.K. assassination question for the last seven years, the last two on a full-time basis with the A.I.B. office in Washington, and I was also an early president of Students for a Democratic Society and a full-time antiwar activist throughout the 1960s. Thus, I can assure Donner that he is absolutely wrong about this. I am indeed quite alone among the old New Left crowd in being identified with the effort to reopen the J.F.K. case. In no way and at no time was this a popular issue with the New Left or any other kind of radicals. A few were sometimes fascinated for a moment with what conspiracy research intimated of the underside of American political life, but no more than that, and certainly they formed no "conspiracy constituency."

Donner is also straight upside down when he writes that the whole J.F.K. movement is "a media hype." The A.I.B. kept close watch on what all media were saying about the development of the case in the hands of the House Select Committee on Assassinations. It is a fact that the media, particularly the print media, were all but uniformly hostile to the project, badly educated on the technical issues, contemptuous of the critics, tolerant of the committee only so long as they thought it would put the Warren findings back together, obtuse about the political significance of the case and unwilling even to understand the committee's evidence of conspiracy before condemning it as preposterous. Only one big-city paper in the entire country, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, editorially supported the assassination committee's work and faced the import of its finding of "probable conspiracy." The others—*The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* conspicuously—either continue virtually to ignore the committee's findings or do as Donner does and flagrantly distort the arguments the committee's report advances.

Third, Donner is simply outrageous in his treatment of the technical evidence. As all surely know by now, the key piece of evidence developed by the House committee is an acoustical record of the actual Dealey Plaza gunfire. Donner doesn't like this evidence (of course), so without taking up at all what two different teams of top scientific experts told the committee about this record, he merely opines that it is "highly dubious" and "infirm," just as though he had studied the matter and knew what he was talking about.

Donner knows by this time—the news broke after his article was on the stands—that the Justice Department has decided to reopen the J.F.K. case and that a basis for this decision was, precisely, the acoustical evidence that he so cavalierly derides.

Surely it is time for Donner and his side to admit that the facts have gone against them in this matter. Yet along with all prominent liberal commentators (Tom Wicker, for example), he chooses to deny the evidence and to try to bury the reader in tendentious, sophomoric and irrelevant attempts to psychoanalyze the critics of the lone-assassin theory.

We "conspiralogists" have persisted, he claims, because we are psychologically "threatened by the randomness of serious crimes," so that "we instinctively strive for an explanation of such acts as purposeful and rational" and are compelled by our character flaws to believe a President could be assassinated "only by a malignant counterforce, not by a random crank."

On the contrary, we have persisted because of the gaping weaknesses of the Warren Committee reconstruction of the crime and because of the political seriousness of the mystery still surrounding it. And what we had to persist *against*, every step of the way, is exactly the stubborn refusal to face facts, the dogged reassurance that high crime is almost certainly "random," that we see among all who think (like Donner) that American conspiracies began and ended with Watergate.

Carl Oglesby

NOT CONVINCED

Interlaken, N.J.

Frank Donner's article unfortunately promotes the theme that the intelligence agencies of the nation have been trying to sell the American people ever since the assassinations of the 1960s: namely, that anyone who believes there *were* conspiracies must be some kind of nut or, worse, one who plays on irrational fears for monetary profit.

This theme has been promoted ever since the first wave of critical analysis

(Continued on Page 179)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 230, No. 6

COVER
Editorial:
The Abscam Caper
The Agency's Bill:
Moynihan Unleashes the C.I.A. *George Lardner Jr.*

EXCHANGE
162

EDITORIALS
163 War Presidency
164 Covert License
164 Scoundrel Time *Robert Lekachman*
165 Iranian Package *Bertram M. Gross*
166 *Second Thoughts* *Carey McWilliams*

ARTICLES
167 Dependent Independence:
The Talk of Transkei *Roger Wilkins*
170 Agribusiness on Campus *Al Meyerhoff*
173 Knee-Jerk Nationalism:
Irish Unity—A Protestant's View *Michael McDowell*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
181 Chomsky and Herman: The Political Economy of Human Rights *A.J. Langguth*
184 Frank Capra Against the Sandinists *Gerald Weales*
186 John Clare (poem) *Kim Robert Stafford*
187 Theater *Harold Clurman*
188 Films *Robert Hatch*
Drawings by John Alcorn

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editor,* Kai Bird; *Assistant Editor,* Karen Wilcox; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Amy Wilentz; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor,* Patricia Dowling; *Assistant Copy Editor,* Sydne Silverstein; *Editorial Assistant,* Barbara Dudley Davis; *Editorial Secretary,* Ola Lyon.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art,* Lawrence Alloway; *Dance,* Nancy Goldner; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Indigenous Music,* Nat Hentoff; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Press,* Richard Pollak; *Television,* Peter Sourian; *Theater,* Harold Clurman; *White House Correspondent,* Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents: Bonn,* C. Amery; *Canberra,* C.P. Fitzgerald; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Carey McWilliams (*Second Thoughts*), Calvin Trillin (*Variations*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editor,* Blair Clark. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Marcus Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish

Advertising Manager, Melinda Miller; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Circulation Manager,* Gloria Sangster; *Production Coordinator,* Daphne Kis; *Assistant to Publisher,* Karen Polk; *Classified,* Lindsey Weinraub; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1980 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $25; two years, $45; six months, $14. Student rate, $17 a year. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

EDITORIALS.

War Presidency

President Carter is fighting his re-election campaign on ground of his own choosing—Southwest Asia. That frustrates and maddens his opponents, who can't get at him as Commander in Chief of an unfought and unfightable war; but his choice of the field of combat has the most serious consequences for us all. The question is whether he can keep things under control as he jousts with the Russians.

As usual in the Carter Administration, his policy is being enunciated in such a discordant babble that his own words are drowned. In his State of the Union speech he declared that any move by the Soviet Union to get control of the Persian Gulf "will be repelled by use of any means necessary, including military force." That threat seems clear enough until you get to the amplifications and modifications issuing from subordinates in New Delhi, Karachi and Washington.

Most notable of these glosses was the one put out in India by Clark Clifford, the contemporary Bernard Baruch and general factotum of political fixing. Clifford was sent by Carter to tell Indira Gandhi that our rearming of Pakistan's ugly military regime was a bit of geopolitics pure and simple without effect on the strategic balance on the warring subcontinent. That is nonsense, of course, as that fierce lady well knew after the three India-Pakistan wars, and so Clifford spelled out the "any means" threat about the Persian Gulf in one syllable—"war."

Meanwhile, across India's northern border and at the fabled Khyber Pass, the President's other subcontinental envoy, Zbigniew Brzezinski, was making another kind of fool of himself among those photogenic peaks. Changing his act from clown to preacher, and back again, the poor-man's Kissinger nearly got himself shot when he checked the working order of a border guard's Chinese submachine gun, set up a photo-occasion of himself and a Pakistani general and announced a new crusade against the godless you-know-who ("the world of Christianity is outraged . . . God is on your side"). And of course, his mission failed when he could not persuade our resurrected allies of that particular dictatorship that the offered $400 million in arms ("only a beginning," said he) was not in fact "peanuts." Geopolitics is the breeding ground of blackmail.

Tact, and sympathy for retired athletes, makes us pass over the Muhammad Ali mission to Africa except to note that this anti-Olympian, anti-Soviet exercise in public relations carried within its obvious Carteresque political motivation the seeds of a disaffection which led the hero-athlete to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tell his constituency that both "white" superpowers were the "baddest." Score one for ambivalence.

While all these rhetorical extravaganzas were going on overseas, the actually responsible Cabinet officers were having their problems at home translating Carter's bluster into something like national policy. Naturally and correctly, according to our constitutional system, these enlightening problems came out in testimony to Congressional committees by the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense. Dr. Harold Brown ruffled the hawks by daring to suggest that without "support from the people in the area," it would be difficult for the United States to go it alone in the Gulf if the Russians "move." Secretary Cyrus Vance's boldness consisted in gently rapping Clifford for "language [that] was more dramatic than necessary" and in evading a direct answer to the question of whether the United States was preparing for a general or a limited war.

Carter himself chooses to hide. He has not met the press (except on the stage of *Meet the Press*) since November 28. His Presidential opponents snipe at him but miss from either wing. He is a war President still without a war. And national policy for war or peace is being made not in the capital but indirectly and politically out on the Presidential stump. It is that insubstantial and the Russians know it.

Covert License

Andrei Sakharov commented recently that the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan probably couldn't have happened if the people of the Soviet Union had known about it in advance and could have discussed it freely. President Carter and such cold warriors as Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan are attempting to make certain that American capacity to conduct war is similarly unhampered by public debate. They propose to do this by eliminating "unwarranted restraints" on the Central Intelligence Agency. The story is told by George Lardner Jr. on the cover of this issue.

As Lardner points out, the fashionable word these days is "revitalization" of the C.I.A., a term that has meaning only if vitality is measured by the number of secret wars recently fought. It has an even more ominous significance when considered in the light of the Carter Administration's drive to bring back the draft. In tandem, the two force us to contemplate the prospect of a C.I.A. war that gets out of bounds —a characteristic of wars—and requires American uniformed troops to supplement C.I.A. "advisers." With military conscription in place, one possible obstacle to such a progression would be eliminated.

Another frightening aspect of all this is what it reveals about the Carter Administration's failure to understand developments in Africa, Asia and Latin America. C.I.A. disasters past—in Laos, Cuba, Indonesia, Chile, Iran and elsewhere—reflected many failings, prominent among them an incomprehension of the strength of nationalism. Now, with every indication that nationalism is a greater force than ever, the notion that the United States can control world events by covert operations is more self-delusive than ever.

Scoundrel Time

At the end of last month, the White House released the Carter-Khomeini-Brezhnev plan for the extension of Jimmy's lease on the Presidency. Our practically peerless leader in this election year plans to postpone the modest 4 percent unemployment target of Humphrey-Hawkins until 1985. He will delay funding of his exceedingly modest "comprehensive" health scheme until 1983 and of his unobtrusive welfare reforms until 1982. By attractive contrast (if you happen to be a defense contractor, general or admiral), Pentagon budgets will soar 12 percent before inflation and 3.3 percent after inflation. Over the next five years the military will be endowed with $100 billion in extra funds.

Alas, these fiscally responsible measures will not, even according to the most creative of accounting interpretations, balance the budget, but they will reduce the budget deficit to a trifling $15.8 billion, the smallest number in seven years, and the tiniest fraction of gross national product in a decade. Moreover, the President's economic advisers are practically certain that this year the much predicted but embarrassingly postponed recession will really occur. January's leap in unemployment from 5.9 to 6.2 percent suggests that Charles Schultze and his colleagues were right on this point, if on few others. For some kill-joys, I suppose that the comfort and joy to be derived from these minute achievements are diminished by the promise of 10.4 percent inflation and 7.5 percent unemployment in the current year.

Bad enough that our born-again Gerald Ford favors his constituents with a sound Republican budget and recession to match. Even worse has been the generally favorable reception accorded this dreary agenda. *The New York Times* headlined the budget as a middle-of-the-road plan, a portion of the highway always in vogue among *Times* editorial writers. Congressional hawks and the *Commentary*-Kristol-Present Danger crowd naturally proclaim the case for even lusher funds for a Pentagon manifestly unable to spend all it has been getting. Somewhat condescendingly, they clap one hand for Jimmy as a man who at last is beginning to see the truth about the Russians. But reaction from liberals has been amazingly temperate.

With a few honorable exceptions, notably the highly independent John Anderson, Congress is enjoying a virulent case of raving patriotism. As *The Washington Post*'s Hobart Rowen acidly commented, the Carter budget is wrapped in red, white and blue. Thus, courtesy of Ayatollah Khomeini and the blundering Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Carter has escaped criticism for junking both his liberal promises of jobs, health protection and welfare reform *and* his conservative pledges to balance the budget and drain the inflation out of the economy.

Senator Edward Kennedy's January 28 speech at George-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town University may well have been delivered too late to reverse the decline in his fortunes, some of it attributable to his own defects as a campaigner and a person. For the most part, however, Kennedy is every bit as much a victim as Carter is a beneficiary of current events in Asia. As economic therapy, Kennedy's combination of freeze, controls and gasoline rationing suffers both from its author's previous equivocations on these topics and from disquieting vagueness about the design of the wage, price and other controls which he would impose once the six-month freeze is over. Nevertheless, Kennedy has offered a reasonably attractive liberal-left alternative to Carter promises of more inflation, rising unemployment and Pentagon appropriations.

Gas rationing in particular is the most realistic expression of a national intention to escape indefinite dependence on Middle Eastern oil. The best that Congress will conceivably enact as energy legislation might encourage some conservation in the long run and, in the even longer run, enlargement of alternative energy supplies. John Anderson's "50-50 plan," a 50 cent-per-gallon gas tax and a similar slash in Social Security taxes, possesses merit, but nobody knows how quickly and how much gasoline taxes will actually curtail unnecessary driving. Rationing is the surest and potentially the most equitable way to achieve dramatic limitations of oil imports and weaken OPEC's hammerlock.

The new cold-war fervor has become a serviceable rationale for conservative advances on a whole series of issues. Congress seems in a mood to roll back environmental regulations, emasculate the Occupational Safety and Health Act and the Federal Trade Commission, reduce income maintenance programs, liberalize depreciation rules, reduce capital gains taxes, entertain that favorite of Senator Russell Long, the Value Added Tax, and revive Kemp-Roth. In the twentieth, as in Samuel Johnson's eighteenth century, patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Ted Kennedy has glaring defects as candidate and role model for the young, but if he adheres to his present course, it will be a far better thing to lose with the latest Kennedy than to win with Carter. ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College, the City University of New York.

Iranian Package

Thus far in the secret diplomacy aimed at freeing the American hostages in Iran, "package deals" have been the sum and substance. The United Nations does "this," the United States does "that" and—simultaneously or a little before or after—the Iranian students give up the hostages and the embassy and, in due course, the United States unfreezes Iranian assets. Even here, despite repeated claims by the White House spokesmen that they were leaving no stone unturned in their search for a resolution to the crisis, the Administration has omitted from the package at least seven other possible U.S. actions that could have not only increased its attractiveness to the Iranians but also laid a foundation for future relations:

(*1*) persuading the former Shah formally to abdicate his throne on behalf of all his family as well as himself;

(*2*) pledging never to intervene again in Iran, a pledge similar to that given by President Kennedy with respect to Cuba in resolving the Cuban missile crisis in 1962;

(*3*) supporting the proposal for a high-level U.N. tribunal, instead of a mere inquiry committee;

(*4*) agreeing to back a Security Council resolution condemning the Shah's terrorism and corruption, if such action should be recommended by an inquiry committee;

(*5*) recommending a Senate committee investigation not only of the 1953 U.S.-backed coup that put the Shah in power but of the entire history of U.S. intervention in Iran by former administrations, an investigation that could go far deeper than any U.N. inquiry into the role of the C.I.A. and the American-based transnational corporations;

(*6*) pledging U.S. assistance to Iran in tracking down the Shah's assets in this country and expediting court action on Iranian claims for repatriation, and

(*7*) advising Iranian authorities that if they start legal actions against the Shah in Iranian courts, they can go through an appropriate U.S. District Court to compel testimony by either the Shah or his representatives.

The inclusion of these actions would have made up a package with truly meaningful contents. It would have signaled a possible turnabout from past policies of promoting corrupt despots to advance the interests of the Seven Sisters and other transnational corporations. It would have helped counter the deep-rooted (and partially justified) anti-American feelings in Iran and the Persian Gulf area.

Whatever the outcome of negotiations with the new Iranian officials, or any of the deals being proposed by U.N. Secretary General Kurt Waldheim, the seven points listed above remain as positive actions the United States should take as part of the process of normalizing relations with Iran. Possibly the hostages will be released without abdication by the former Shah, without a Carter pledge of no further intervention in the Iranian Government and without a Senate investigation of past U.S. activities in Iran. But these proposals at least (if not all the items on the list) must remain on the agenda of American liberalism and of those conservatives who are genuinely fearful that resurgent militarism may further undermine not only the American dollar but also the American role and image in the world. Proposals to make Iran atone for its sins against the rules of international diplomacy and against the American hostages are out of the question now that December's adversary is February's ardently sought-after ally. President Bani-Sadr has expressed opposition to the idea of a military alliance, while nonetheless opposing Soviet encroachment. Instead of just armaments, diplomacy is needed, beginning with an admission by the United States of the necessity of redressing Iranian grievances. In this connection, Bani-Sadr's statement shortly after his election points the way: "When

(Continued on Page 178)

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Barbara Isenberg, who has contributed pieces to *The Nation*, recently concluded an excellent three-part series for *The Los Angeles Times* on the problem of financing public television. With foundation grants declining and the Federal Government increasingly tightfisted, public broadcasting has turned more and more to corporate sponsors. Few major shows are aired on public TV nowadays without business support. Nearly 45 percent of all programming receives some or all of its funding from corporations. Corporate donors make up about 25 percent of the backing for the Public Broadcasting System's national programming—nearly five times the corporate contributions received in 1973. The big oil companies pumped fifteen times more money into public TV last year than they did six years ago. Today, public TV representatives, dressed like bankers and talking like merchants, regularly make the rounds of corporate headquarters soliciting sponsors. These representatives can hardly help receiving "subliminal messages" as to the kinds of programs that corporations might underwrite.

There are probably not more than two or three dozen large corporate donors. Large oil companies are, of course, the chief sponsors. More than half of all corporate underwriting for public TV is said to come from large oil companies such as Exxon, Mobil, Atlantic Richfield and Gulf. Last year, oil companies anted up $4.7 million. No one suggests that corporate donors attempt to exercise direct censorship or to influence casting or production. The rules prohibit direct interference. But their preferences have a bearing on the kind of programs they are willing to underwrite. Noncontroversial arts and cultural programs are favored over public affairs. So, too, are snobbish British Broadcasting Corporation productions of the "safely splendid" variety with fancy costumes, elegant butlers, pert maids and upper-class settings. For one thing, these BBC productions can be imported for far less than it would cost to produce comparable programs here. Public broadcast executives, keenly aware of the preferences of corporate sponsors, are said to be victims of what one observer has called "censorship by apprehension," that is, they instinctively avoid programs that would not find favor with large corporate sponsors. Well-educated middle- and upper-middle-class audiences, who constitute the bulk of individual contributors to public television, seem to like the kind of programs large corporations are willing to sponsor. Donations to public television do not offer more profitable tax advantages to large corporations than the cost-of-business deductions they take from the purchase of commercial TV advertising but a dollar goes much further in terms of television time acquired.

Of course, what interests the large corporate donors and the big oil companies in particular is the chance to brighten their "image" at a fairly low cost. Viewers naturally feel some gratitude to corporations that "help make possible" programs they like. And while the large corporate donors do not attempt to censor programs directly, they do have the option of selecting those they will help finance. By and large, corporate donors show little interest in documentaries or independent productions or public affairs programs dealing with inflation, labor history, banking practices, energy monopolies or foreign policy. Corporate sponsors spent nearly $4 billion for advertising on all three commercial networks last year—and $20 million on public television. Obviously, the two media are hardly competitive, but corporate donors may actually get more "image" brightening for their money from underwriting public television than from commercials on prime-time network programs.

Today, public television and radio derive most of their financing from corporate donations, government funding and individual contributions, in that order. There are those who argue that a mix of this kind is the best way to finance public television. But while such a mix may have kept public television alive, it has not provided a truly public network of the kind that is needed to supplement and offset commercial broadcasting. As the head of the BBC sees it, American public television is little more than "a loose amalgam of disparate elements masquerading as a network."

The BBC is financed by license fees; everyone who owns a TV set in the United Kingdom must have a broadcasting receiving license which costs $50 a year for color, $24 for black and white. Americans pay for commercial television, in the form of higher prices on consumer products, at an estimated rate of $5 billion a year. According to Geoffrey Cowan of U.C.L.A., that breaks down to between $200 and $300 for the average American family; commercial television is definitely not free. So before public television is converted into corporate-advertiser television, it might be worthwhile to try out a tax on commercial television or a viewer-license fee on sets to finance public television.

Such a system raises the specter of government interference, to be sure. Congress would have to levy the tax, and some Congressmen would no doubt attempt to exert political influence one way or another. But if American viewers paid a fee equivalent to that charged in England, it would yield an estimated $2 billion for public television. And safeguards could be devised against political control, e.g., staggered terms for board members, the submission of nominations by professional groups and public-citizen organizations, the careful screening of personnel, and public representation on the boards of local public radio and TV stations.

"Every source of money is tainted," PBS president Lawrence Grossman told Isenberg. "If you rely on corporations, you're presumed to be pro-business. Government money indicates you're politically slanted and membership money means you cater to upper-middle-class viewers. The only way to be totally pure is to be totally bankrupt." Total purity aside, it should be possible to establish a genuinely public network which would be able to keep political influences within acceptable bounds. Present-day public television offers some excellent programs but, as Norman Lear has said, it is "held captive by corporate underwriters." Generous they may be, disinterested they are not. What is needed is a truly *public* television system, not a fourth network.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

DEPENDENT INDEPENDENCE

The Talk of Transkei

ROGER WILKINS

The Government of the Republic of South Africa will go to almost any lengths to preserve its control over the 87 percent of the South African territory it has reserved for whites, and it will engage in almost any fiction to present apartheid as something other than the brutal repression of the black majority that it clearly is. One of those fictions has been the Group Areas policy under which blacks are assigned to homelands according to their tribal origins.

These homelands are encouraged by the South African Government to seek "independence" and are then presented to the world as true nation-states. Three homelands, Bophuthatswana, Venda and Transkei, have accepted this sort of independence. No nation in the world outside the Republic of South Africa has swallowed this fiction, but the South African Government persists in it. During a recent visit I made to South Africa, Prime Minister P.W. Botha gave an interview to *Time* magazine, which was reported in the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*, in which he left no doubt about the determination of the Government to pursue the homelands policy or about the philosophy that underlies it.

"Whites in South Africa want to live in their own communities," the Prime Minister was reported to have said, "and it is their right, and we are prepared to grant the right to blacks to live in their own communities, but we are not in favor of mixed communities."

The "right" granted to blacks to live in their own communities is enforced by South Africa's Influx Control laws, which require all blacks to carry a passbook at all times, certifying their employment and their right to be in the communities where they are living. If the passbook is not in order, the black can be prosecuted, jailed and then sent back to his homeland. I was told by a white South African journalist that the blacks' "right" to live in their own communities is enforced by 200,000 arrests a year.

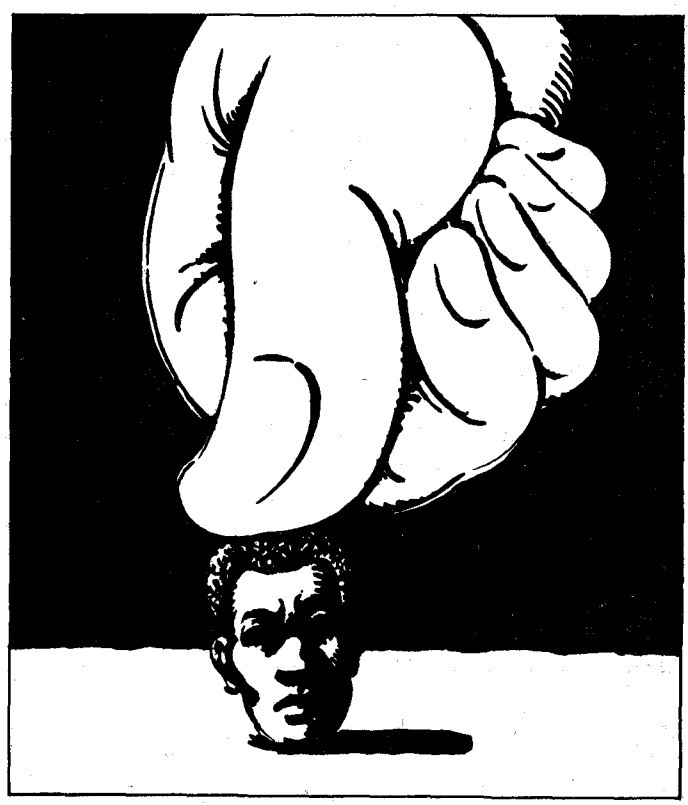
Johannesburg's respected *Rand Daily Mail* recently called the Transkei "a joke country." Nevertheless, the South African Government insists on treating it seriously. Dr. P.G.J. Koornhof, South Africa's Minister of Cooperation and Development, told a group of foreign visitors recently that "the Parliament of the Transkei, for example, is equal in power to the Parliament in the Republic of South Africa."

Having heard all of that, I decided to go see Transkei for myself. Somebody told me that the man I should talk to in Transkei was Nimrod Mkele, who had an M.A. in psychology and who had remarried at the age of 60 because none of his children had given him a grandchild. I was told that Mkele's new wife soon produced his "own" grandchild for him. I rented a yellow Volkswagen in Durban and drove by myself down the South Coastal Road by the Indian Ocean and then turned inland to go through Harding and Kopstad and into Transkei.

Along the way, I picked up some hitchhikers. One of them was Moymuy, an attractive 24-year-old black woman who was a registered nurse. I liked her because she seemed genuinely astonished to learn that I had a 20-year-old daughter. "I thought you were 28," she said. I asked her if she liked South Africa.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she replied. "Someplace else may be better, but I've never been anyplace else." I asked her if there was anything she didn't like about South Africa. "Yes, they don't give us the freedom. There's always the politics, they don't give us the freedom." I asked her if she would ever consider living in Transkei. "On no. I hear they are very cruel there." When I told her I was going to Transkei, she said, "You be careful. We won't get the freedom here, but Transkei is cruel. You are a kind man, so be careful." She touched my arm lightly as she said this and smiled. She was very pretty. After she got out of the car, I watched her in the rear-view mirror walking her lithe strong walk until the road curved and I couldn't see her anymore.

The highway through Natal on the way to Transkei affords some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The road is high and the land below is rich, cultivated, green, and undulates gracefully in places and breaks unpredictably into cavernous gorges in others. The horizon is broad and deep—big sky country in southern Africa. Then, after a left turn at Kopstad, there is a sudden change. The contours of the land are the same, but there are thatch-roofed huts on



DRAWINGS BY JOHN ALCORN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the hillsides. And most of the cultivation has ended. The land is not green anymore. It is brown. I was in Brown Montana.

Other things were different too. There was very little traffic on the road and what there was seemed to consist almost exclusively of small and old Japanese pickup trucks. There was an occasional man on horseback. One, who wore an old peaked military cap, saluted me as the little yellow car flashed by him. I saw some naked children playing by the roadside. Black children in the Republic of South Africa often wore old and soiled clothes and no shoes, but I had seen none with no clothes on. I was in an "independent" black country.

The place to stay in Umtata, the capital of Transkei, is the Holiday Inn, on the far side of town from the point where I entered it. Umtata has the look of an old Dakota town worn not by the wind, snow and cold but by the heat of an unrelenting African sun. I was glad to reach the air-conditioned inn. The black staff of the place did not seem very pleased to greet a black visitor, however.

The Holiday Inn provided post cards for guests to commemorate their visit to this black African capital. There were four pictures on the faces of the post cards; of happy people in the bar, happy people by the pool, happy people in one of the rooms and happy people in the restaurant. All of the people in the pictures were white.

All of the guests in the restaurant at lunchtime were white, too, and some of them eyed me with curiosity, while others stared with undisguised hostility. The black waiters were distant, in much the same way that black waiters in previously segregated American hotels were distant when blacks began patronizing them after passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. After lunch, I went to the pool; everybody swimming and sitting around was white. The only empty lounge chair by the pool was next to me. After a while, a husky young white man with a mustache came out of the inn, moved the chair away and then sat in it glowering at me. He had on a white T-shirt with a message written across its front. The message was, "I love Rhodesia."

There were black people in the restaurant for dinner that night because a Government official, who had been notified that I was coming, arranged a dinner for me with twelve Transkei residents, whose names—with one exception—I will not use, for reasons that will become obvious. Nimrod Mkele was in the group. The people talked about their country and about their hopes. With the exception of two black Americans from the Midwest, who were teaching at the University of Transkei, all of them were Transkeians, former citizens of the Republic of South Africa. "What does independence mean to you?" I asked the group sitting closest to me at dinner. A businessman in a blue suit, sitting on my right, was quickest to answer.

"It means you don't have to go into the kitchen in a public place to consume your food," he said. "It means that there aren't jobs you can't get even if you're qualified. It means that if you have to relieve yourself, you don't have to go into the bush to do it."

Another man, a public official, chimed in. "It means that you are an independent person. It is a great feeling for any man. It means that you are any man's equal. It means that you have the same sanctity as any other human being." There was another man who sat directly across from me and watched everything with soft eyes and listened intently to every question I asked. On the rare occasions when he talked, it was in asides, inaudible to me.

The people at dinner argued that their independence should be taken seriously because, unlike the other two "independent" homelands, Transkei had originally been a separate colony of Britain, as had Swaziland and Lesotho. In contrast to those countries, which are recognized by the international community, Transkei had been ceded to the Union of South Africa on the whim of the British monarch. Their claim to independence was real, they argued, and should not be devalued just because it had been bestowed by the Republic of South Africa rather than Britain, as it should have been. Some American Africanists profess to find merit in this view. Nevertheless, the people sitting in that room in Umtata, a town of 35,000 people, capital of a nation of two or three million people—nobody knows the exact population of the country—were hard pressed to justify the existence of their three-year-old country and its ties to the Republic of South Africa.

"We are poor," one man said, "because the Republic of South Africa never developed this area before independence because they needed the migrant labor we could provide. If this place wasn't developed, the men would have to go to South Africa to work in the mines. They did that and they still do."

"Of course we take money from South Africa," another man said, "we take our help where we can find it."

The Transkeians explained that they are in a customs union with South Africa and get money from that; that there were a number of aid projects which were not completed before the granting of independence but which the Republic is completing, and that the R.S.A. had declared "a sort of Marshall Plan" for the country. One of the Americans said that the United States was making a mistake in not helping Transkei because "if they don't get help from the United States, they'll be driven deeper into the arms of the South Africans or even into the arms of the big bear."

When I asked if South Africa got something in return for

WILKINS ON BOARD

We take pleasure in announcing that with this issue Roger Wilkins joins the Editorial Board of The Nation. *Wilkins served as an Assistant Attorney General of the United States in the Johnson Administration and has been on the Editorial Boards of* The Washington Post *and* The New York Times. *He recently resigned as* The Times*'s urban affairs columnist and is now at work on a book. His commentaries can be heard on the CBS radio network.* —The Editors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its help, the man in the blue suit next to me shook his head sadly and said, "There are no free dinners." I wavered as I listened to these people. After all, they were black people struggling for independence and freedom in their own land. We Westerners see Transkei through the lenses of the white media and white reporters and commentators, but what I had heard at the table was the poignant plea of black people struggling in an almost hopeless setting.

"Self-determination is the only thing," the man who had arranged the dinner said in response to my query about what they would most like to tell the world. "We are going to try to develop the kind of individual in this particular area we think most appropriate for this kind of adversity."

After dinner, we withdrew to the Kaiser Matanzima room of the Holiday Inn to continue our discussion. Kaiser Matanzima is the first, and so far the only, Prime Minister of Transkei. His picture beamed down at us as we entered the door. An American journalist who has studied southern Africa carefully for more than two decades told me that he had heard Matanzima make a "black racist" speech outside Johannesburg in 1965, in which he told other blacks that they could never expect justice from the white man. Then, he had gone to the United States on a leadership grant and had returned to tell Donald Woods, the white man who was then editor of the *East London Dispatch*, that he had "seen the future and it worked." It was a declaration of faith, the journalist said, that a multiracial society could work. But in Matanzima's Transkei, the man with the soft eyes who had sat across from me at dinner had disappeared. He hadn't said goodbye, that his wife was sick, that his toe hurt or anything. He was just gone.

The discussion had liquor in it now, and some people were very open while others seemed quite wary. I asked whether the benefits of citizenship, which I had heard extolled at dinner, extended to the countryside, where I had seen much poverty, or whether they were enjoyed by a few sophisticates living in Umtata. The answers that came were fuzzy. Some people would not meet my eyes then. One man said, "It will take time. We are building a nation here. It may take fifty years. What's fifty years in the life of a nation?"

Nimrod Mkele said, "You can't talk about fifty years. The yoke is on your neck here." With that he leaned back in his chair and put his hands around his neck. Then he said to me, "The young people know more about it. They can tell you more about it. That is the problem." Some of the people said, "Shut up, Nim." A man said to me apologetically, "Nim drinks too much."

But I knew that the Government, as is commonplace in South Africa, had recently banned more than a hundred organizations, including youth groups, the Council of Churches and some organizations that didn't even exist in the country. So I pressed forward along the line Nimrod had opened up and asked about the bannings.

"We need to know organizations for the security of the Government," a local official said. "There are subversive organizations that are trying to bring down the Government."

"What about the Council of Churches or some group that gets together to help a rural school?" I asked.

"We like to know who is doing useful things," the Government man said.

"It must be some lousy government that prevents people from taking sewing and knitting," Nimrod said. "I was on the board of a group that was teaching sewing and knitting and it was banned." By this time, Nimrod had also asserted that blacks who came to Transkei automatically lost their South African citizenship, while whites had a choice. He had also observed that every Friday night the Holiday Inn was filled with white South African men who had brought their black female servants across the border for a weekend of sport.

"Nim drinks too much," somebody repeated and somebody else again told Nimrod to shut up.

In order to forestall more embarrassment for Nim, I observed that I couldn't understand how the process of nation building could develop when there was no freedom of association, when people couldn't get together and identify their problems and develop strategies to attack them. "A bunch of guys at the top telling people what to do and what to think isn't a nation," I concluded. "The people are the nation." A man thanked me for my candor and said that some of them had tried to convey such views to "the politicians," but that they had been rebuffed.

The meeting broke up then but some people came to me quietly and asked if they could see me privately. I agreed and they came to my room early the next morning. Nimrod was not one of them. The man with the soft eyes had left, they told me, because he was afraid. He had seen how my questions were going and he hadn't wanted to be around them.

"You can't criticize the Government here," a man said, "because one man, Kaiser, is the Government, and he doesn't like to be criticized. The Transkei law is a reflection of all the ugly acts in the Republic of South Africa, with its repression. It is the struggle of the older generation trying to keep power. The young people are not free. That's what Nim was talking about. The rest of the people were afraid."

Another person said, "There is a big difference between the youth and the old people. The youth take the same view of this independence as the outside world does. There is no future for young people here. And the rural man knows nothing about independence. He is poor and his children are naked and malnourished."

The people talked on for a while and then they warned me that I might not be safe in Transkei since I had been so critical of Matanzima's Government the night before. They urged me to hasten my departure and so I did, without event. But when I got back to Johannesburg, I was told of a white American from Georgetown University who had been critical of the Government and had been forced off the road by a car full of tough-looking men. He had been told to get out of the country and had then been followed to the border by the men in the car.

A few days later, a friend of mine from the *Rand Daily Mail*, to whom I had told this story, called to tell me that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

word around Johannesburg was that the Government of Transkei was broke and that it had had to apply to the Republic of South Africa for money to pay civil service salaries. "Under those conditions," he asked, "how can they be anything but a stooge for the Government in Pretoria?"

Then he asked me to sit down because he wanted to read me a story that had appeared in another paper. The story was short. It had an Umtata dateline. It reported that Transkeian security forces had searched Nimrod Mkele's home for two hours and then had jailed him on unspecified security charges. That had occurred two days after my visit to Umtata, the capital of the "country" that the Republic of South Africa presents as a good place for blacks to live, a place that is the paradigm of its policy of granting blacks the right to live in their own communities. □

Agribusiness On Campus

AL MEYERHOFF

There had lived a simple agrarian folk who had not changed with industry, who had not farmed with machines or known the power and danger of machines in private hands. They had not grown up in the paradoxes of industry. And then suddenly the machines pushed them out and they swarmed on the highways.

—John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939)

Miguel Ochoa lost his job last year, as did his wife and his five children. After ten years of working in the grapes for the same grower, they were told without warning that their labor was no longer necessary; a new machine was replacing them. Of 135 workers employed by the company where the Ochoas worked, only seven were hired for the harvest. At another ranch, down the road, only two of eighty-four workers were hired. Throughout California's Napa Valley, thousands of other farm workers have had their jobs eliminated by these new wine-grape harvesters. The Ochoa family will split up and will go back on the road, seeking work. But increasingly, jobs are hard to find. Now, where migrants always had found work, machines have taken over.

The plight of Miguel Ochoa and his family is not a new one. When the harvesting of cotton was mechanized in the late 1940s, 250,000 jobs were eliminated in the first three years. Between 1945 and 1965, more than four million people were displaced by this new technology, the majority of them blacks from the rural South. The costs, first in terms of human suffering and then in social welfare benefits, were staggering. The overpopulation and urban blight found in many Northern and Eastern cities has been directly attributed to the mass migration following cotton mechanization. (See Herbert G. Gutman, "Black History Seduced and Abandoned," *The Nation*, September 22, 1979.)

Ignoring this experience, the same process is now being repeated for most other crops across the country—this time stimulated by hundreds of millions of public dollars, with no one in government or industry planning for the consequences. California is a prime example. Goaded by the successes of Cesar Chávez and the United Farm Workers Union, agribusiness is moving rapidly to mechanize the harvesting of labor-intensive crops. Much of this effort is being facilitated by direct subsidies from the University of California, the nation's largest land-grant college, with an annual agricultural research budget in excess of $72 million. In cooperation with many of the state's largest corporate agribusiness interests, the university is now expending much of this budget in an attempt to mechanize the harvest of at least thirty-four different crops including tomatoes, wine and table grapes, lettuce, peaches and citrus fruits. According to a study recently completed for the Labor Department, this widespread mechanization will eliminate at least 128,000 jobs in California over the next ten years.

A lawsuit questioning this use of the taxpayers' money has been filed against the University of California by California Rural Legal Assistance on behalf of nineteen farm workers and the California Agrarian Action Project, an agrarian reform group. The suit has struck a nerve with many diverse interests not generally associated with farm worker or agricultural issues, in part because it raises the same basic questions about the uses and safety of technology that have risen with nuclear energy, the increasing use of pesticides and herbicides, and genetic engineering. In light of Three Mile Island, widespread chemical waste dumping and the DC-10 crashes, Americans are no longer so willing to defer decision making to "experts." Concern about the social costs of industrialized farming with its reliance on chemicals and heavy machinery reflects the growing credibility gap between science and society.

The new mood of skepticism has heightened awareness of the public-policy issues implicit in mechanization and the industrialization of agriculture. Unfortunately, the dialogue has not spread to the agriculture departments of the state universities. At the University of California there is no consideration of the social impact of agricultural research and development projects. To the contrary, the university's view is that the social consequences of its applied research activities are, in effect, none of its business.

At present, research at the university is for sale to the highest donor. By making relatively small gifts of funds earmarked for specific agricultural research projects, the agribusiness and petrochemical industries can influence research priorities, thereby capturing large quantities of public funds. For, as a recent survey conducted anonymously at U.C. disclosed, most department chairmen and researchers pinpointed outside funding as the primary determinant of what research gets done. As one researcher put it: "You have to gear your research to the funding sources . . .

Al Meyerhoff is one of the attorneys from California Rural Legal Assistance representing plaintiffs in a lawsuit contesting the use of tax funds for agricultural mechanization.

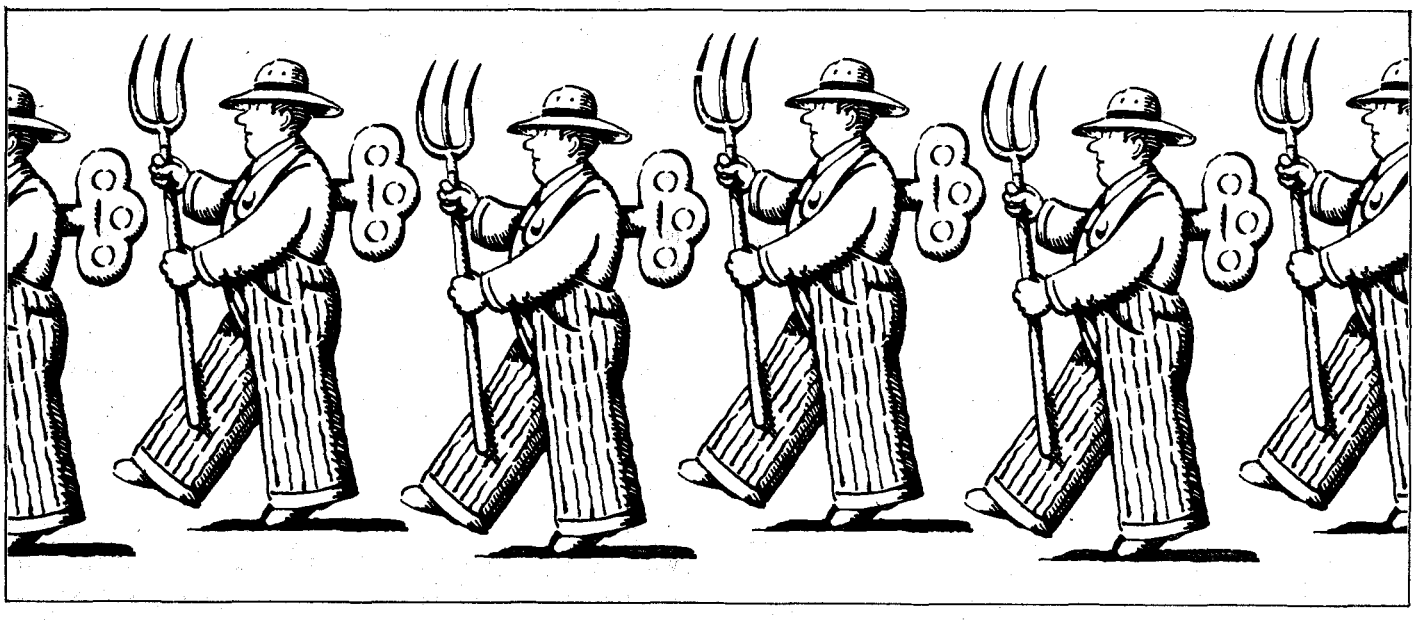
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is big money available from production ag with which you can dig your own grave. . . . I had to go where the money was . . . which was the chemical companies." Another expressed the common belief that "if the industry pays the tab they have the right to call the tune." Among the agribusiness interests making donations to the University of California that were earmarked for agricultural mechanization projects are such giants as Sunkist, Eli-Lilly and Company, Allied Chemical, Chevron Chemical Company, Union Carbide, H.J. Heinz and Du Pont. One example of this system in action occurred when AMF Inc., whose products include bowling balls, granted $4,600 to the University of California at Davis for work on an electronic tomato sorter, with the provision that the school not make its findings public for two years after giving them to AMF. Between 1974 and 1977, agribusiness "gifts" to U.C. for mechanization research and development work amounted to more than $2 million. Given the way business calls the tune, it is no wonder that few university scientists think about the social consequences of farm mechanization.

What is more, a host of university regents and high-level officials are corporate directors of, and major investors in, many of the same agribusiness concerns that profit from publicly financed research and development. For example, two members of the University of California Board of Regents, and, until recently, the vice president in charge of the university's agricultural budget, serve as directors of the Del Monte Corporation, the world's largest fruit and vegetable processor, which uses university-developed harvesters in its tomato fields. These same officials own stock in Del Monte, and the university itself is the fifth largest stockholder in the company, owning 155,000 shares. Another regent is a director of Miller and Lux, a multinational agribusiness concern whose founders were among the original California land barons. Several regents serve as directors of other agribusiness companies; others own thousands of acres of prime California farmland directly benefiting from mechanization. In keeping with this tradition, J.B. Kendrick was director of the university's Agricultural Experiment Station and in charge of all agricultural research projects while sitting on the board of Tejon Agricultural Corporation, an agribusiness giant in wine grapes and tomatoes. (Tejon is owned by one of California's most influential families, the Chandlers, of *The Los Angeles Times* dynasty; until recently Dorothy Chandler also served as a regent.) Kendrick's deputy, Jerome Siebert, was a director of Tri/Valley Growers, a huge agricultural cooperative and food processor with total annual sales exceeding $256 million.

Some university researchers benefit monetarily from this cozy relationship with agribusiness by serving as industry consultants or through an arrangement whereby they receive 50 percent of all net patent royalties resulting from commercial use of their inventions. The head of the department of agricultural engineering at the university's Davis campus, for example, has already received royalties in excess of $235,000 for a plant-thinning machine developed at public expense. The three inventors of a tomato harvester have received more than $340,000 in such royalties. Although California law requires all public officials to disclose their financial holdings, U.C. regents, officials and researchers have all consistently refused to do so.

The most harmful effect of the present system may be the skewing of research efforts to benefit very large landowners. Nearly every mechanization project undertaken by U.C. is intended from its inception to be utilized on a scale much larger than the average California farm would support. This is especially reprehensible because land-grant colleges are specifically charged by Congress to help small family farms. Instead, the land-grant universities have worked in full partnership with corporate agribusiness to eliminate the family farm. This pattern continues despite a comprehensive September 1978 study by the Congressional Budget Office concluding that if the trend to agribusiness concentration were slowed (by redirecting a portion of agricultural research to the needs of small farmers), food prices would not be significantly affected. That trend also has been decried in Congress, which stated in the 1977 Farm Bill "that any significant expansion of non-family-owned-large-scale-corporate farm-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing enterprises will be detrimental to the national welfare."

Then, on December 13, 1979, at hearings in Fresno, California, attended by more than 400 representatives of California agribusiness, Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland, who has jettisoned the "get big or get out" policies of his predecessor, Earl Butz, announced a cutoff of all Federal research and development funds being used for large-scale agricultural mechanization: "I do not think Federal funds for labor-saving devices is a proper use of Federal money . . . I will not put Federal money into any project that will result in the saving of labor. The economic incentives of the marketplace should be powerful enough so that this kind of research should be left to private industry." On January 31, Bergland delivered a major policy address, stating that it was "impossible to justify the use of Federal funds to finance research leading to the development of machines or other technologies that may increase production and processing efficiency but at the same time damage the soil, pollute the environment, displace willing workers, and reduce or eliminate competition." The political hue and cry over this major shift in the U.S. Department of Agriculture policy has already begun. Large-scale agribusiness interests oppose the new policy, while small family farmers, environmentalists, farm workers and consumer advocates have banded together in support of it. The outcome of this debate will profoundly influence America's future agricultural policy.

The wisdom of applying the traditional American "bigger is better" approach in the agricultural setting has been questioned even within the agribusiness community itself. Thus, agribusiness conglomerate Tenneco had this to say in its annual report: "Tenneco recognized early that the economies of scale, which are so apparent in most lines of business, sometimes do not operate in agriculture. From the standpoint of efficiency, there is no effective substitute for the small-to-medium sized independent grower who lives on or near his farmland, who is knowledgeable in the science of horticulture, and who has a deep personal involvement in the outcome of his efforts. . . ." Thus, voices from many different directions are seriously questioning the continued allocation of large sums of public research funds solely to promote the industrialization of American agriculture. The University of California, and the land-grant establishment in general, simply are not listening.

The potential adverse social effect of a helter-skelter rush to agricultural mechanization is perhaps best illustrated by what has already occurred in the processed-tomato industry. In 1963, the tomato harvester developed at the university was put into commercial production. By 1970, the industry had been transformed from an entirely labor-intensive operation to one that was completely mechanized. The number of harvest-time jobs dropped from more than 50,000 in 1964 to fewer than 18,000 in 1970. The number of tomato farmers plummeted from more than 4,000 in 1963 to only 597 in 1973. The average tomato plot grew from 32 acres to 363 acres. Obviously, only the most affluent growers had the capital necessary to purchase tomato harvesting machines, which cost $150,000 each, and these companies used the machines and their financial clout to take over the tomato industry. The industrial revolution they wrought was of little benefit to consumers, who received tough-skinned, higher-priced tomatoes. During the period when processed tomatoes were being mechanized, their price increased by 111 percent, while all other fruits and vegetables rose only 74 percent in price, and the price of strawberries, a particularly labor-intensive crop, increased only 41 percent.

Just how concentrated the food industry is becoming is set forth in a recent study published by Corporate Data Exchange, a New York nonprofit research organization. Only forty-nine agribusiness corporations now control 68 percent of all food processing sales nationwide, C.D.E. reported. More than 40 percent of the land is now "farmed" by absentee landlords. Less than one-fifth of America's 2.7 million farms produce 80 percent of our food. Meanwhile, recent events in the food production industry demonstrate that the move toward oligopoly continues unchecked. Del Monte was recently taken over by an even larger agribusiness conglomerate, R.J. Reynolds. Green Giant is now a subsidiary of Pillsbury. Tropicana, the nation's largest orange juice maker, has merged with the largest corporation in the food industry, Beatrice Foods. The list is endless. RCA produces turkeys, Southern Pacific grows grapes, Esmark makes gasoline additives and Boeing raises potatoes. According to a recent joint study by the Federal Trade Commission and the U.S.D.A., this highly concentrated food production industry socked the American consumer with a $12 billion to $15 billion overcharge in 1977 alone. Yet agribusiness interests recently succeeded in obtaining legislative vetoes in the House of Representatives which serve both to squelch an F.T.C. lawsuit against Sunkist Growers by charging them with unlawfully monopolizing the Western citrus crop and to prevent an F.T.C. study of marketing orders that fix food prices. By contrast, more than a thousand small-scale family farmers go out of business *each week* throughout the country. The mechanization and industrialization of agriculture continues unabated, facilitated by the land-grant universities and subsidized by millions in tax funds.

At this point, no responsible government or public institution is considering the unmeasured consequences of this phenomenon. What are the costs in welfare outlays resulting from the elimination of hundreds of thousands of jobs? What happens to the quality of rural life as farms become larger and larger and profits from their exploitation go to distant corporate headquarters in other states—or in other countries? What is the future environmental impact of the soil compaction and water depletion that follows from mechanized farming? What is to be done about soil erosion, which is 25 percent worse today than in the dust bowl years as a direct result of a "monocultural" approach to food production? What are the inherent risks, as energy resources dwindle, of basing food production on capital-intensive agriculture, with an ever-increasing use of chemical and petroleum-based fertilizers and pesticides? At the land-grant colleges, these questions are not even being asked, much less answered. (See Cesar Chávez, "The Farm Workers' Next

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Battle," *The Nation*, March 25, 1978.)

Instead, the predominant societal response continues to be that of attempting to foster even more economic growth to absorb those displaced, even though the prospects for the kind of economic growth that we have experienced over the past decades seem dimmer today than ever before. Continuing growth through a faster rate of utilization of finite, non-renewable natural resources is ultimately self-contradictory. As a result, as Nobel Prize-winning economist Wassily Leontief recently noted, "We have to face the prospect of technological unemployment turning from its past benign 'voluntary' state into a virulent involuntary phase. With this would come an inevitable increase in social tensions resulting from the slowly but steadily increasing pressure of structural, as contrasted with passing cyclical, unemployment."

The industrialization of agriculture—aptly characterized by Carey McWilliams as "factories in the fields"—comes at a terrible cost. It costs us the vitality of small farming communities scattered by the thousands across the nation. It costs us hundreds of thousands of jobs and literally billions in welfare costs. (In contrast, a recent Transportation Department study concluded that the loss of "only" 97,000 jobs at Chrysler will result in $1.5 billion in increased welfare benefits.) It costs us whatever competition is left in the food production industry. And it may cost us most, if not all, fresh market fruits and vegetables, which will be replaced by processed foods or tasteless, thick-skinned produce capable of withstanding mechanical harvest. At a minimum, these costs should be determined, disclosed and planned for *before* large sums of public funds are allocated for continued agricultural mechanization and industrialization.

Our agricultural research policy determines precisely what kind of agricultural system we will have. It is essential that these decisions be made not solely in university laboratories or corporate board rooms but instead out in the open with participation by all concerned. □

KNEE-JERK NATIONALISM

Irish Unity—A Protestant's View

MICHAEL McDOWELL

"Northern Ireland was created in the first place to placate the Protestants, and it is the Protestants the British will have to confront if they desire a long-term solution to an age-old problem," a correspondent for this journal wrote recently (see Jack Holland, "Inside the I.R.A.," October 27, 1979). Just how the British are to "confront" the Protestants of

Michael McDowell, a Northern Ireland journalist, is a Senior Associate with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Norman Birnbaum, Blair Clark, Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook, Terrence Des Pres, E.L. Doctorow, Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer, Tom Ferguson & Joel Rogers, Frances FitzGerald, James Goodman & Dorothy Samuels, Philip Green, Christopher Hitchens, Leonard Kriegel, Penny Lernoux, Sanford Levinson, Carey McWilliams, Aryeh Neier, Marcel Ophuls, Nora Sayre, Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin, Kurt Vonnegut, Alan Wolfe **write it.**

John Alcorn, Marshall Arisman, Tony Auth, Seymour Chwast, Robert Grossman, Frances Jetter, Ed Koren, David Levine, Lou Myers, Ed Sorel **illustrate it.**

Victor Navasky **edits it.**

We've changed the face of *The Nation*. The new *Nation* is something to see.

Why is today's *Nation*, from editorial to the arts, wiser and wittier than anything in the field? The answer is in the people who write it, illustrate it, and edit it.

Join them. Say "yes" to our enticing offer in the coupon.

The Nation.

72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

YES! Send me six months (24 issues) of *The Nation* at the low introductory rate of $9.95. I understand I may cancel at any time and receive a prompt refund for all undelivered copies.

☐ I enclose $9.95. For saving you billing costs, I will receive four extra issues free.
☐ Enclosed is $21 (special discount offer) for one full year (47 issues).

*Add $5 for postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign subscriptions. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2106

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ulster he didn't say. Did he mean the British should *force* those one million Protestants into an Irish unity they vehemently oppose? For that is ultimately what the British would have to do in the short term. Could they do that—and by what means? If the Protestants were unwilling to consider Irish unity before the present troubles began, they are assuredly even more opposed to it now, thanks to attempts by the terrorists of the Provisional Irish Republican Army to bomb them into it.

As a Northern Irish Protestant myself, I think I can offer some impressions of my own community. "Pressuring" them or "confronting" them is not the way to achieve unity in Ireland. Rather, persuading them by democratic means, by clearly demonstrating they would be better off and have nothing to fear—whether real or imaginary—from union with the Irish Republic, is the way to entice those reluctant one million to join with their four million Catholic fellow-islanders in a unitary state. Issuing ultimatums to a beleaguered minority in the whole of Ireland—for that is how the Protestants see themselves—does no good. The Protestants regard the violent campaign for Irish unity as directed principally against themselves. The murders of policemen, members of the local Ulster Defence Regiment and prison officers are almost always murders of Protestants now, and the death toll in the security forces rises daily.

As a Protestant who aspires to unity—and therefore, by definition, an unrepresentative one—I remain unconvinced that the Southern Irish, British or even the half-million Ulster Catholics really know what my own community is like or how it will behave under pressure. Several years at university in Dublin, involved in the fringes of center-left politics there, left me quite certain that the Southern goal of a united Ireland is in most instances a knee-jerk reaction lacking any vigorous basis in political responsibility—in short, a hypocritical aspiration, not to be worked for but only to be verbalized on ritual occasions.

The Southern Irish have made few concrete gestures to encourage the Ulster Protestants toward unity. The banning of divorce in the Republic's Constitution and restriction on contraception are prime examples of the lack of any real will to reform what Protestants regard as a "Catholic" society there. Many Catholic bishops still insist that children of Catholic-Protestant marriages be brought up as Catholics, overriding the right of the Protestant partner to choose. Protestants believe that the decline of the Southern Protestant population from 250,000 in 1921 to 98,000 fifty years later, and even less today, is an object lesson in what that policy has meant in practice, and of what it would mean to them as a minority in a united Ireland.

The only real political program the Irish nationalists advocate is that when the "Brits" get out of Ireland, the Ulster question will be solved. But who are these Brits in that scenario? Does the label cover only the British Army? Or British industry, also? British culture? Or does that label embrace the one million Unionists, who, after all, call themselves British Irish, Northern Irish, Ulstermen or some combination of those terms? After all, most Ulster Protestants are descendants of the rigid Scottish Calvinists who were sent to settle Northern Ireland almost 400 years ago, displacing many of the native, Gaelic-speaking Catholic Irish from their lands or retaining them as tenants. Two more disparate groups could hardly have been chosen by the English colonial planners than those fundamentalist Protestants and ultramontane Catholics. They were destined by religion and circumstances to have a bitter and envenomed dislike for each other, with only the narrow ground of the Six Counties of Northern Ireland to do battle.

Those attitudes of mutual alienation and hostility live on today, perpetuated by geographical separation in housing, schools and workplaces. Catholic bishops vigorously oppose integrated schooling—as does the Rev. Ian Paisley. Ulster's educational system, up to high-school level, is rigidly segregated. No Protestants attend parochial schools and very few Catholics—apart from a scattering from the middle and upper-middle classes—go to Protestant schools. Because of this segregation in childhood, working-class Protestants rarely meet their Catholic contemporaries socially until they are adults, by which time classic tribal attitudes are deeply ingrained.

Until recently, Protestant schools have emphasized British history and literature. Protestants read British newspapers rather than Southern Irish-based journals. Hardly any Protestants have a desire, or opportunity, to learn the Irish language—which is taught in Catholic schools. Even their games differ, particularly in country areas. Protestants follow soccer and rugby assiduously; no Protestants play Gaelic football or hurling, which are seen as "Catholic" games.

Far from willingly "occupying" Northern Ireland, as the propaganda of misguided Irish American lobbyists portrays it, the British would love to rid themselves of troublesome Northern Ireland. The Irish American political leaders who pontificate on Northern Ireland and call on the British to encourage "movement" and work for future unity appear biased and uninformed outsiders to the Protestant majority in Northern Ireland and also, perhaps, to moderate Catholics. American descendants of Catholic Irish (particularly Southern Irish) immigrants have little understanding of the peculiarities of Ulster's history. Even the most responsible Irish American leaders such as Senators Edward Kennedy and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and Governor Hugh Carey base their statements on Ulster principally on information from Catholic minority politicians in the North or from the Dublin Government. Their utterances can hardly be balanced if they do not actively seek advice from the Protestants, too.

In truth, British troops were sent in more than ten years ago to keep the peace in Ulster, and that is still their role today. The burden of proof is on those who argue for withdrawal of the army to show that violence would not escalate dramatically into full-scale civil war. There have certainly been outrages by individual British soldiers, sometimes under orders from their officers—such as Bloody Sunday in Derry when thirteen unarmed civilians were shot down by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paratroopers—but they are the exception, not the rule. Those who dwell on the army's mistakes or provocations mischievously omit the real reason for their presence, which is to keep warring factions apart. The soldiers have no desire to be arbiters in a fight they don't understand or to be targets of I.R.A. or Protestant gunmen. Mainland British public opinion certainly favors their withdrawal. For the moment, however, British politicians have shown moral responsibility in keeping the troops there. How much longer they can do that is an open question.

Nationalists paint a romanticized picture of Northern Ireland following a British withdrawal. They assume that Protestants will be instantly converted by the logic of unity and, in an outpouring of good feeling, settle down to work with their Catholic fellow countrymen, North and South, in building an "agreed Ireland." But if withdrawal occurred before an internal settlement could be reached, Ulster would undoubtedly explode into violence—not a propitious environment for the development of tolerance among the Protestants. To the Protestant population, withdrawal would mean that, in effect, they had been expelled from the United Kingdom and pushed into a united Ireland against their will. They could hardly be expected to suffer such a blow in silence.

Britain has declared that Northern Ireland shall remain part of the United Kingdom for as long as the majority of its people wish to do so. This has been dubbed "the British guarantee." But Irish nationalists argue that the very establishment of the state of Northern Ireland, in 1921, was a gerrymander that artificially created majority status for Protestants within that area, enabling them to exclude Catholics from government. Widespread discrimination in public housing and private-sector jobs followed, until the closing of the Protestant-dominated Stormont Parliament by the British in 1972. Since then the majority's privileged position has been tempered by affirmative-action programs put into force to prevent discrimination in jobs; all housing functions are now controlled by an independent authority.

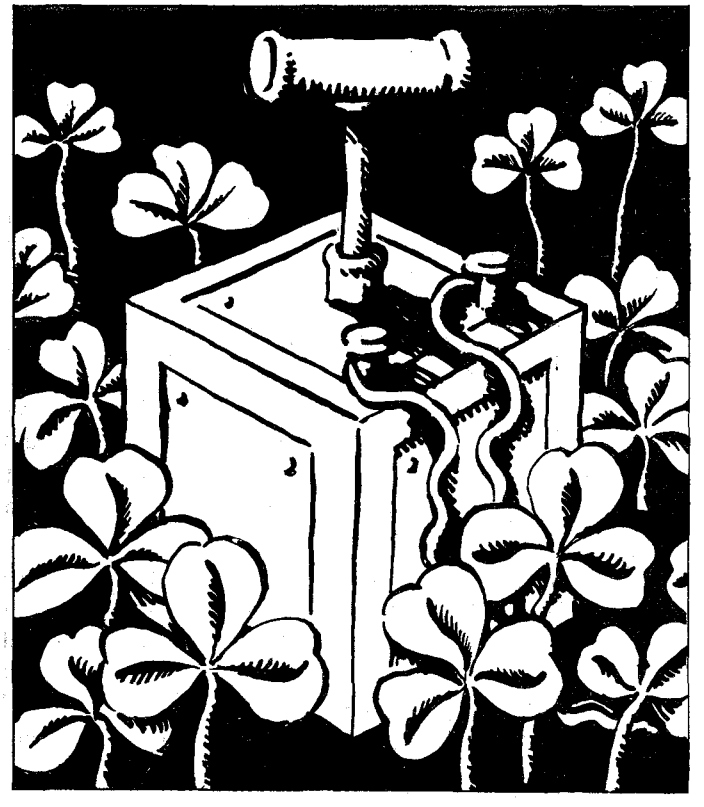
The same British "guarantee" also forbids a return to the old system of simple majority rule, which had given the Protestants effective control over any devolved administration in Ulster. In short, it vetoes a return to a "Protestant Parliament" and protects the Catholic population by providing them with a guarantee, too. Actually, government of the North from London is at present regarded as "acceptable" by 79 percent of Catholics and 72 percent of Protestants, a recent poll shows. It is not a preferred option, but it is the only one acceptable to both sides.

Irish nationalists claim that in 1921, before Ireland was partitioned, the British could have pushed the Protestants into a united Ireland, but is that true? Seven years before that, when Irish Home Rule seemed just around the corner, 100,000 Protestants armed to resist it. They had all the accouterments of an army except for artillery. They could have been forced into unity—but at what price? Thousands of them would have been willing to die in that confrontation, taking with them an equal number of their Catholic fellow citizens in retaliation and the lives of British troops sent to coerce them.

In 1974, there was a second confrontation. A Protestant general strike brought down the five-month-old power-sharing Government of moderate Protestants and Catholics. Politicians from the (Catholic) Social Democratic and Labor Party (S.D.L.P.) subsequently argued that the power-sharing experiment failed because the British Labor Government showed lack of courage in not sending their troops to suppress the Protestant strike. But they ignore the real sticking point—a Council of Ireland, allowing links, however vague, with the Irish Republic.

Majority Protestant opinion might have countenanced Catholics in Government (a poll shows that 73 percent of Protestants would accept this today), but the Council of Ireland's inclusion in the political package alarmed many Protestants, allowing extremists such as Paisley to stir up Protestant fears that it was a Trojan Horse for the hated united Ireland. In addition, the Protestant leaders in that Government were barely representative of mainstream Protestant opinion. They might have been tolerated as spokesmen for the Ulster majority, but not with a Council of Ireland as part of the deal. And so while it is possible to get Protestant voters to accept Catholics in a Northern Irish Government, it is far more difficult to win their acceptance of links, however vague, with the Irish Republic as part of a political settlement.

Yet I believe that it is in Protestants' long-term interests to consider unity. The British may soon weary of them and abandon their present moral obligations to stay in Ulster. And it is not only the present deadlock that may cause the British to rethink their policies. The British taxpayer subsidized Northern Ireland by $8 billion between 1969 and 1979. Last year the subsidy was $1.7 billion, and Unionists look with envy on the Irish Republic's new-found prosperity. The



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republic's entry into the European Economic Community has benefited Southern farmers—and industrialists—immeasurably, in sharp contrast to their counterparts in Northern Ireland, which remains outside the community, and the Republic has overtaken the once prosperous Northern Ireland of the 1950s and 1960s. In the long run, the Protestants in the North, with their mercantilist traditions and their hardheaded business sense, will be more influenced by bread-and-butter issues into considering links with the Republic than by political pressures.

I look forward to seeing Irish unity in my lifetime. I believe the best way to achieve that goal, not simply in geography but more importantly in the hearts and minds of people, is by creating conditions which make unity appealing to the Northern Protestants. If those one million do become willing citizens of a new Ireland, their contribution could be truly positive in building a far more pluralist society. But their participation must be won through consent—not pressure—or partition of Ireland will live on in their thoughts, if not in physical reality. □

Moynihan

(Continued From Front Cover)

fice." "For too long," Moynihan continued, "we have seen in our own nation a threat to our liberties which, more properly, ought to be seen in places outside our country. Simply stated, we have enemies in the world. It is the K.G.B., not the C.I.A., which threatens democracy."

The speech was vintage Moynihan. But the bill, known as S. 2216, could have been written by the C.I.A.—as indeed much of it was. Moynihan seemed chagrined by a reporter's question to that effect, until an aide informed the Senator that not a few of the provisions had come from C.I.A. headquarters in Langley, Virginia. Whereupon Moynihan harrumphed that he saw nothing wrong with that. "We have made no effort to exclude them," he said of the C.I.A.'s draftsmen. Senator Malcolm Wallop, a co-sponsor of the measure, called it "normal procedure" for a bill affecting a Government agency. Neither dwelt on what that did to the word "reform."

With all the war talk bubbling around Washington, however, it is comforting to dream that the C.I.A. can magically pull us back from the brink. The Moynihan bill has an ominous head of steam behind it. Similar legislation is already pending in the House. The Carter Administration seems especially keen on giving the Agency a freer hand for covert actions, in a harking back to "the good old days" of the 1950s and 1960s when it restored the Shah of Iran to his throne, engineered the overthrow of President Jácobo Arbenz Guzmán in Guatemala and finally plunged us into the Bay of Pigs. The new drive has raised speculation about the possibility of covert aid to the Moslem rebels in Afghanistan—as though overt aid were somehow unthinkable. Secrecy is more beguiling. It avoids hard questions, such as whether we really want to go to war—and where—and when.

Although the crisis in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan have solidified the new mood, it has been building for some time, beginning, in fact, with the final days of the Senate and House investigations of 1975-76 into the C.I.A.'s and the Federal Bureau of Investigation's excesses in the name of national security. A new rule of law was promised. The only result was the creation of the permanent Senate and House intelligence committees, which were assigned the task of supervising America's spies and counterspies. They quickly fell prey to the Washington rule that the regulators shall lie down with the regulated and became even more secretive. The two committees have produced only one law of any significance: a statute setting up a special court that issues secret warrants permitting electronic surveillance of American citizens in national security cases. The chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, Birch Bayh, hailed its passage in 1978 as "a landmark in the development of effective legal safeguards for constitutional rights." He predicted that it would pave the way for enactment of a comprehensive legislative charter to govern the U.S. intelligence community.

The President who said he wanted "the Government to change" promised a charter, too. He assigned Vice President Mondale as his point man, charged with the task of producing controls that the intelligence agencies could digest. They digested Mondale instead. The Vice President turned out to be so ineffectual—and so inattentive—that he launched the Carter-Mondale re-election effort last year unaware that the charter legislation had yet to be sent to Capitol Hill. This lapse caused some embarrassment when Mondale opened the campaign last September in Florida and listed reform of the intelligence agencies as one of the Administration's accomplishments. He professed surprise on being told by a reporter, after the speech, that the C.I.A. charter had not yet been introduced. He promised the reporter an interview on the subject. Then he went on to California to tell a crowd there that "we have proposed legislation for charters for the F.B.I. and the C.I.A." Mondale subsequently declined to be interviewed about the matter. "He just feels he has had no time to focus on it," a spokesman said.

Then came Iran and Afghanistan. The Administration began pressing hard for one of the C.I.A.'s long-stated objectives: repeal of the Hughes-Ryan amendment governing covert operations. (See editorial, "Leash the C.I.A.," *The Nation*, January 26.) Suddenly, the new vogue word was "revitalization" of the C.I.A.

An irony of the alleged dismantling of the Agency as a result of the 1975-76 investigations is that the two most significant reforms were enacted before the exposés took place. One was the Hughes-Ryan amendment, which Congress tacked onto the 1974 Foreign Assistance Act following a furor over C.I.A. activities in Chile. The amendment provided that covert action—"other than activities intended solely for obtaining necessary intelligence"—could be undertaken only if the President finds each such operation

George Lardner Jr. is a member of the national staff of The Washington Post.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"important to the national security" and reports it "in a timely fashion . . . to the appropriate committee of the Congress." ("Covert action," as the Senate intelligence committee puts it, "is defined as clandestine activity designed to influence foreign governments, events, organizations or persons in support of U.S. foreign policy in such a way that the involvement of the U.S. Government is not apparent. In its attempts directly to influence events, it is distinguishable from clandestine intelligence gathering—often referred to as espionage.")

The C.I.A. has been railing against the rule ever since, denouncing it as an invitation to leaks since it requires reports to eight Congressional committees—the Foreign Affairs, Armed Services, Appropriations and Intelligence committees of both House and Senate. By Moynihan's arithmetic, that means disclosure to "some 180 legislators and almost as many staff" whenever the C.I.A. undertakes a mission outside the realm of intelligence collection.

Actually, the circle of lawmakers privy to such secrets is much more limited. On some of the committees, only the ranking members are informed. On the intelligence committees, which would continue to receive reports of "substantial" undertakings under the Moynihan bill, only the members plus a few top aides are apprised. What seems to bother the C.I.A. most about Hughes-Ryan is the restraint it imposes. According to Senator Walter Huddleston, the Agency has decided against some projects—and modified others —out of fear of disclosure.

With characteristic understatement, Huddleston, a ranking member of the Senate intelligence committee, allows that such restraint may have been "a good thing." He also told a reporter that he knows of no leaks that could definitely be blamed on Hughes-Ryan. The risks of disclosure by Congress have, in any case, always been exaggerated. A 1971 C.I.A. study found that only one of every twenty serious leaks of information come from Capitol Hill. Most of them can be traced to high-level Administration officials, to the Pentagon and to the intelligence and diplomatic communities. In the early 1970s, there were an estimated 400,000 to 500,000 people within the executive branch alone who were cleared for top secret information.

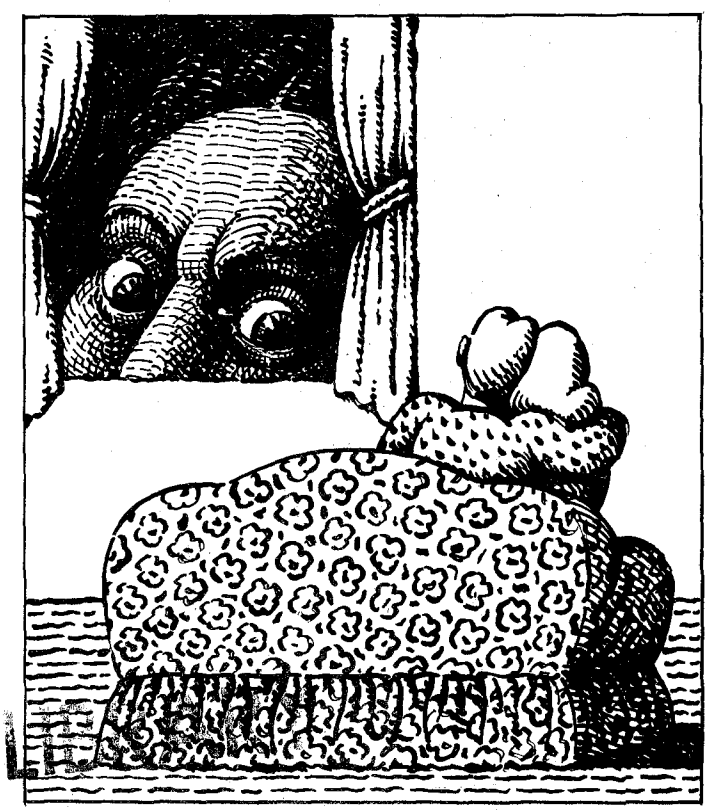
Moynihan's proposed Intelligence Reform Act of 1980 would do much more than restrict the reporting of what used to be called "dirty tricks" to the House and Senate intelligence committees. It would also restore, at least to a limited extent, the doctrine of Presidential "deniability," whereby the Chief Executive could disclaim any knowledge of such undertakings. The President would have to approve only those covert operations involving "substantial resources or risks." The National Security Council would pass on the rest, and these would not have to be reported to any Congressional committee at all. "You can defeat the purpose of reporting by reporting too much," Moynihan declared in justification of this provision. "We are requiring the reporting of events we will really pay attention to."

The other key reform proposed by Moynihan and company involves the Freedom of Information Act (F.O.I.A.), which has had the C.I.A. grumbling ever since it was forced to comply with it under a series of amendments Congress enacted in 1974. Until then, C.I.A. documents could be automatically withheld from public scrutiny simply by invocation of the "national security" exemption, but Congress changed the rule by providing that the reasons for such secrecy could be challenged in court. It also set down deadlines for compliance.

To hear the C.I.A. tell it, the information released has been thoroughly inconsequential. "[T]he information furnished is almost always fragmentary and is often misleading," C.I.A. Deputy Director Frank C. Carlucci argued last August in a letter to the White House Office of Management and Budget. "Therefore the information is more often than not of little use to the recipient." Never mind that the law has produced volume after volume about the assassination of President Kennedy, the C.I.A.'s controversial drug-testing programs and its illegal domestic spying operations. Never mind that the documents released under the F.O.I.A. show far more extensive surveillance than even the Rockefeller Commission was told about.

Carlucci asked for the Carter Administration's support of a measure that would put most C.I.A. files beyond the pale of the F.O.I.A. The "loss to the public from the removal of these files from the F.O.I.A. process," he maintained, "would be minimal." Carlucci has acknowledged that the C.I.A. can protect its legitimate secrets under the Freedom of Information Act as it stands, but the Agency contends that the law is still "inappropriate, unnecessary . . . and harmful" because its sources abroad remain fearful of disclosure.

Despite the Agency's claim that what it releases is "of little use," it complains that anyone, including avowed enemies like former C.I.A. officer Philip Agee, can ask for its docu-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments. In fact, the C.I.A. treats many requests cavalierly—ignoring some, "losing" others, delaying still more—but it insists on assigning four people to Agee's petitions as a P.R. gimmick to dramatize its complaint about the law. Ordinary citizens get no such consideration, but that inconsistency doesn't seem to bother the C.I.A.'s allies in Congress. "Modification of the Freedom of Information Act makes sense," Wallop intoned at the press conference with Moynihan. "Congress never intended that the American taxpayers should pay to provide Philip Agee with four full-time research assistants within the C.I.A., but that is precisely what happened under the law in 1978."

The C.I.A.'s proposal—drafted by Langley and introduced by Moynihan word for word as part of his bill—would permit general freedom of information requests only for what Carlucci called "finished intelligence products." For the rest of its files, only American citizens could apply and they could ask, Carlucci said, only for "what, if any, information we have on them personally."

That may touch off a stiff fight. "All properly classified information is protected under the law now," says the American Civil Liberties Union's legislative representative, Jerry Berman. "None of it has leaked out under F.O.I.A. Vital secrets have been lost to spies, but not under the Freedom of Information Act."

The last of the "modest measures" (Wallop's phrase) in the joint Moynihan-C.I.A. package could prove even more controversial. It was actually drafted by C.I.A. lawyers and staffers of the House Select Committee on Intelligence and introduced in the House last year as a separate measure by all fourteen members of the committee. It would make it a crime to disclose the names of C.I.A. operatives stationed abroad—even if the disclosure came after the agent had returned home.

The stiffest penalties in the bill—ten years in prison and a $50,000 fine—would be imposed on offenders who have had authorized access to classified information—former C.I.A. employees, for example. Others, such as journalists, would face a year in prison and a $5,000 fine if the Government could show they intended "to impair or impede the foreign intelligence activities of the United States." The proposal even contains a little fillip designed to overcome a World War II-era court decision that barred an espionage prosecution for sending material already published in U.S. newspapers and magazines to Germany. Under the new bill, it would still be a crime to "disclose" a name taken from public sources—for instance, an old State Department biographical register—so long as the Government was still "taking affirmative measures to conceal such individual's intelligence relationship to the United States."

The C.I.A. has depicted this proposal as being aimed solely at Agee and an anti-C.I.A. "coterie dedicated to exposing the names of agents," but it would clearly have a much broader impact. (See editorial, "Naming Names," *The Nation*, December 1, 1979.) "There's a lot of intelligent people who think the bill is unconstitutional," said one House lawyer. "I said intelligent people, not intelligence people. Sometimes there's a difference."

The Carter Administration has already given its blessings to the three-part package as part of the long-promised charter for the C.I.A., but there are few officials who think that so comprehensive a measure stands a chance of enactment. The charter, moreover, has been evolving from a strict code of conduct for the intelligence community into a license for wide-ranging secret activities with few blanket prohibitions. Still to be introduced at this writing, it would, for instance, ban assassinations but impose no penalties on those who ignore the injunction. It would also sanction everything from burglaries to wiretapping of law-abiding Americans abroad, so long as the Government thinks some important information might be acquired.

Huddleston still hopes to get a charter through the Senate, rather than just the Moynihan bill, S. 2216, but he agrees that in its present mood the House will give the C.I.A. only the cold-war rearmament of S. 2216. The charter might get bogged down in election-year rhetoric and besides, the C.I.A. can burgle abroad right now, without having to meet statutory standards for breaking and entering.

As a result, Huddleston isn't even sure he can get a charter reported out of his own Senate intelligence committee. Moynihan, Wallop and two other sponsors of S. 2216, Senators Henry M. Jackson and John H. Chafee, all sit on the same panel. As chairman of the subcommittee on charters and guidelines, Huddleston could bottle up S. 2216 and insist on taking it from there only as part of an overall charter. But he says he doesn't intend to try that gambit. He plans to report out both S. 2216 and a comprehensive charter, and then let the full committee make up its mind.

Administration insiders say the Carter White House isn't going to push hard for "a full charter" either. Who ever said the C.I.A. did anything really wrong anyway? Jimmy Who? □

Iranian

(Continued From Page 165)

America decides to put aside its policy of expansionism and violating the sovereignty of other countries, then it will be adopting correct policies for the solution of the crisis."

Perhaps Senators Edward Kennedy and Frank Church could make a start in this country by launching a joint investigation by their respective committees, Judiciary and Foreign Relations. To help make the case for such investigations, as well as to obtain information that may be presented before any U.N. inquiry committee, *The Nation* has initiated a Freedom of Information Act request for all C.I.A. documents bearing on past intervention in Iranian affairs.

BERTRAM M. GROSS

Bertram M. Gross is Distinguished Professor of Public Policy at Hunter College. His award-winning The Legislative Struggle *has just been reprinted by Greenwood Press. His latest book,* Friendly Fascism: The New Face of Power in America; *will be published by M. Evans in June.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued From Page 162)
exposed fallacies in the Warren Commission Report. Edward Epstein, whose *Inquest* had opened the door to such criticism, quickly turned around and wrote a *New Yorker* article labeling as "scavengers" other critics of the report. The scavenger theme was carried further in a well-promoted paperback book. And now Frank Donner has joined the chorus.

Such treatment ignores a fundamental fact—that acceptance of the "lone-assassin" verdicts in the murders of John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. requires us to accept as logical and credible circumstances and evidence that are riddled with illogic. Since I was one of the first critics of the Warren Report, I suppose I might be considered suspect by the "scavenger" theorists, and so I'd like to cite the doubts of the high-level Federal Bureau of Investigation official who had overall responsibility for the assassination investigations.

The late William C. Sullivan, who was in charge of F.B.I. intelligence, disclosed his uneasiness with the "lone-assassin" verdicts in his book, *The Bureau: My Thirty Years in Hoover's FBI*. After describing how 2,800 agents worked on the riddle of Lee Harvey Oswald, Sullivan conceded that "there were huge gaps in the case, gaps we never did close." He added: "If I had to *guess* [italics mine] I'd say Oswald acted alone, but I was puzzled by the accuracy of his shooting. Oswald didn't have a record of being an outstanding marksman and yet he hit the President with two shots while his car was moving down the road. . . . I went to the book depository from which Oswald fired at the President and I looked out the window where he was positioned. I've been around guns all my life and I'm a reasonably good shot, but I must say that that would be quite a task for me. . . "

Sirhan Sirhan's assassination of R.F.K. also left Sullivan with some disturbing doubts. "There were so many holes in the case," he wrote. "We never could account for Sirhan's presence in the kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel. Did he know Kennedy would be walking through?" And, it might be added, how could he have known in advance since Kennedy hadn't been supposed to take that route but was propelled through the kitchen in a last-second change of plans?

Sullivan's doubts about these two assassination verdicts pale beside his conviction that the murder of Martin Luther King Jr. had to involve a conspiracy. He was certain that James Earl Ray had fired the fatal shot, but, he wrote, "I doubt if he acted alone." Sullivan added: "Ray was so stupid that I don't think he could have robbed a five-and-ten cent store. . . . Someone, I feel sure, taught Ray how to get a false Canadian passport, how to get out of the country, and how to travel to Europe because he could never have managed it alone. . . ."

I have quoted Sullivan at length because his doubts about the validity of the "lone-assassin" verdicts are the best answer to the "scavenger" and "conspiracy nut" themes the intelligence community has been trying to promote for nearly fifteen years. Even granting that there are some conspiracy nuts and some scavengers, granting also that the recent House committee assassination investigation was flawed in many respects, there remain many valid reasons for haunting doubts about the assassinations that changed the political climate of our times for more than a decade. One does not have to be a conspiracy nut to feel that this issue is too important to be dismissed with the broad-brushed, backhanded treatment Frank Donner gave it. *Fred J. Cook*

CUI BONO BASIS

New York City

J.F.K.'s assassination came just in time. Shortly before his death, Kennedy had decided to withdraw from Vietnam and had announced that America's "advisers" would be recalled during the next two years. But his orders to do so could still be reversed. The campaign to repeal the tax benefits to the oil industry could still be halted. And a Presidential invitation to Castro to join in peace negotiations, which Castro had accepted on the day of Dealey Plaza, could be "put on ice," as McGeorge Bundy commented.

The official burial ceremony of John Kennedy's efforts to restore peace to Southeast Asia came on the same day as his funeral at a meeting of Kennedy's chief advisers on Vietnam, a meeting convened by L.B.J. after conferring with Bundy and John McCone. Present were Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara. L.B.J. was told that hard decisions would have to be made if Vietnam was to be saved. Johnson responded that he wasn't going to see Southeast Asia go the way China had gone. So both the Vietnamese conflict and the arms race that Kennedy had been trying to wind down were escalated.

The armed forces and the war industries prospered, particularly in L.B.J.'s home state. By January 1968, Texas had moved from seventh to second of the states awarded defense contracts, nosing out New York.

The Vietnam War lobby was the chief beneficiary of the death of President Kennedy. Even in view of this brute fact, however, no one has—as yet—a basis for claiming that the Pentagon conspired in any way in the murder of the President. I am not advancing such a claim here. The evidence adduced by the House Select Committee on Assassinations more strongly suggests an organized-crime initiative. But it is noteworthy that several authors have considered the possibility that Pentagon and Central Intelligence Agency officials knew of the assassination conspiracy; the role that the military and intelligence played in covering up evidence that probably would have affected the findings of the Warren Commission would indicate that this may be true.

What I *am* saying—against Frank Donner and all other self-styled liberals who will not face the facts now before them—is (*1*) that the *prima facie* case for a second Dallas gunman has now been stated, (*2*) that the real investigation of the case has scarcely begun and (*3*) that the application of the time-honored legal principle of *cui bono*, who profits, is a legitimate basis for demanding a full, open investigation of proven military and C.I.A. suppression of J.F.K. evidence. *Jo Pomerance*

DONNER REPLIES

South Norwalk, Conn.

First, to the House Select Committee. My letter to Professor Blakey dealt only

ADDENDUM

Richard J. Barnet's article, "The Profits of Hunger" (*The Nation*, Feb. 9), was excerpted from *The Politics of Human Rights*, edited by Paula R. Neuberg, and published as a UNA-USA Book, New York University Press, fall 1980.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the committee's investigation, not its final report, a copy of which I requested in my letter. Professor Blakey has chosen to omit the portion of my letter that complained that the entire investigation, thorough as it was, lacked a legislative purpose. This criticism was corroborated in my view by the subsequently released materials and staff reports reflecting wholly nonlegislative investigative tactics, including the attempted use of the subpoena power to compel John Ray to give testimony about his involvement in a bank robbery. My subsequent study of the committee's final report, the conclusions which it drew from its investigation, convinced me that it had drawn conspiracy inferences unwarranted by the facts uncovered by its investigation.

Mr. Oglesby, it seems to me, protests too much. To be sure, Movement activists and followers and their successors may not have made a campaign "to reopen the J.F.K. case" a priority. But it cannot be said that the conspiracy thesis and the rejection of the Warren Commission Report were not popular issues on the left. One has only to consult the files of such publications as *Ramparts* and *New Times* and note the proliferation of commissions and committees of inquiry, the enthusiastic audiences in crowded campus lecture halls, demonstrations, day-long conferences and lobbying efforts. As Ron Dorfman wrote in these pages in an article quoting Mr. Oglesby extensively ("The Truth Is Bad Enough," July 30, 1973), "It is distressing that so much of the Left is a push-over for conspiracy theories. . . ."

My claims about the role of the media cannot fairly be contested by the negative response of the press to the committee's report. It deserved no more. In any event, Mr. Oglesby misses the point: For about a decade the media gave generous coverage of and access to the conspiracy thesis. Almost all of the 150 books (mostly paperback) my article refers to, TV news reports, documentaries, interviews and an outpouring of articles in an assortment of periodicals, as documented in the columns of the *Readers Guide to Periodical Literature*, kept the conspiracy issue alive and kicking. Indeed, a California mail-order house specializes in supplying conspiracy literature to a left readership.

As for my "sophomoric" discussion of the social response to the assassination of public figures, I suggest that *Nation* readers consult my article before accepting Mr. Oglesby's distorted version of my observations, which simply distill the research of respected social scientists. Simply put, the refusal of people to accept the fact that three beloved leaders suffered mean deaths has resulted in the emergence of a conspiracy consensus. This consensus is reflected in Gallup polls. It also explains the House decision to authorize the investigation and contributed to the Select Committee's strained conclusions discussed in my article. Mr. Oglesby appears to have confused this socially rooted phenomenon with the separate issue of the left's politicization of the conspiracy thesis.

My "outrageous" treatment of the acoustical evidence ("acoustic bursts of amplitude") likewise reflects expert opinion which rejects such evidence as worthless without corroboration both with respect to its gunfire source and its Dealey Plaza origin. And even such dual corroboration will leave unresolved the core question of conspiracy—whether the two shooters were participants in a plot conceived and orchestrated by others.

Finally, the Justice Department has not decided to reopen the case "because it was convinced by the acoustical evidence" or for any other reason. This is yet another of Mr. Oglesby's overstatements. On January 5 of this year the Justice Department informed Representative Louis Stokes, chairman of the Select Committee, that it had asked the Federal Bureau of Investigation to conduct a "limited investigation" into several aspects of the assassination and that the National Science Foundation would be requested to help arrange an "independent scientific review" of the acoustical findings.

Fred Cook deplores reliance on intelligence sources—except for those he agrees with. William C. Sullivan is totally unworthy of such selective preference for reasons I have detailed in a review of his book ("Oedipus Cowed," *The Nation,* Oct. 20, 1979). As every criminal lawyer knows, a great many cases have "holes," fact patterns that do not conform to reasonable expectations, remote contingencies that are perversely resolved against the odds. Indeed, the reconstruction of the death of Sullivan himself in a hunting accident in November 1977 has been rejected by conspiraphiles as too full of holes to believe. (How was it possible for Sullivan's movements in the woods to confuse a fellow hunter—the son of a police officer!—into mistaking him for a deer?)

Lee Harvey Oswald's poor marksmanship was once a fertile source of doubt about his role, but the Select Committee's investigation establishes conclusively that he fired all the fatal shots. Sirhan Sirhan proceeded to the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove after reading an announcement of the Kennedy rally (a press clipping was found in his pocket). His presence in the kitchen is explained by the fact that it abutted on a rear door which he could enter unobserved, an understandable precaution in view of his mission. The last-minute decision of the Kennedy party to exit via the kitchen is another one of those twists of fate. Surely this explanation is more plausible than the Sullivan-Cook hypothesis that an accomplice (presumably a member of the Kennedy entourage) tipped Sirhan off to station himself in the kitchen in anticipation of a last-minute rerouting decision.

Sullivan's "Ray-must-have-had-help" thesis is wholly speculative, without a shred of factual support. Ray was far from stupid—especially about such matters as the planning of an escape. What he lacked, as I tried to show in my article, were the resources to assess the risk of detection in the commission of the crime, a restraint submerged by his bigotry. George McMillan's painstaking study (*Making of an Assassin*) clearly shows that Ray was quite capable of developing and implementing a flight plan on his own. In fact, he had previously blueprinted his escape in a special trip to Canada where he developed a bogus identity in preparation for his future moves.

Ms. Pomerance's list of *cui bono* suspects and investigative targets could be greatly extended. Why leave out the steel industry and the sugar lobby? And what about L.B.J. and J. Edgar Hoover? Ms. Pomerance's objections require not yet another investigation but a parlor game, CUI BONO—ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY. The conspiraphiles arrayed against the "self-styled liberals"; what a way to pass the long winter nights secluded from the political challenges that confront us!

In all three assassinations "no villain need be" other than the acknowledged killers—maimed victims of disordered lives. They murdered strangers for strange, frightening reasons. Why are we so reluctant to accept that fact?

Frank Donner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Someone Is Watching

A.J. LANGGUTH

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF HUMAN RIGHTS. Volume I: The Washington Connection and Third World Fascism. Volume II: After the Cataclysm: Postwar Indochina and the Reconstruction of Imperial Ideology. *By Noam Chomsky and Edward S. Herman. South End Press. 441 pp. and 392 pp. Each volume $15. Paper $5.50.*

If I were an editor dispatching young reporters to a first assignment as a foreign correspondent, I would ask them to make room in their suitcases for these two thick volumes by Noam Chomsky and Edward S. Herman. Not that I agree with everything that the two professors have written. But I would hope that the central lesson of their hundreds of pages, and their 1,687 footnotes, would be clear to any neophyte: Someone is watching. Someone takes every word you write with absolute seriousness. Whenever you err, because of slackness or inaccurate sources or the pressures of time, remember that back at M.I.T. and the Wharton School of Finance, two industrious and politically committed professors are waiting to pounce upon your mistake.

It is a substantial service, the surveillance that Chomsky and Herman have extended both to government and journalism. If it is too much to expect the State Department or the Pentagon to be grateful, at least *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* should be. Strip away the occasional, and unworthy, snideness from these books, and one finds the expectation that the United States should behave humanely and selflessly and that its press should conduct itself without a flaw. To me, the professors' exacting standards, their very intolerance, are compliments.

Each of the two volumes turns on a central thesis. "The Washington Connection and Third World Fascism" argues that the U.S. Government favors client states with bloody-minded dictators over Third World democracy or socialism. The second volume, "After the Cataclysm: Postwar Indochina and the Reconstruction of Imperial Ideology," challenges the widely held belief that the withdrawal of U.S. forces from Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia has led to wholesale Communist terror. Throughout both books runs a common theme: Not only does Washington lie but the American press broadcasts those lies knowingly and enthusiastically.

Let someone else defend the honor of the U.S. Government. Here I would like to explore the reasons why I found the attacks on the press salubrious and challenging in some ways and willfully wrongheaded in others.

First, there is a question of method. Because neither writer is a journalist (although it appears that Chomsky has traveled through Indochina), they must depend entirely on those very reporters they so regularly scourge. They excoriate *Newsweek* repeatedly as part of what they deride as the "Free Press." Yet when they want to document the atrocities of Operation Speedy Express, a 1969 pacification effort in South Vietnam, they quote a page and a half from a *Newsweek* article by Kevin Buckley:

> All the evidence I gathered pointed to a clear conclusion: a staggering number of noncombatant civilians—perhaps as many as 5,000, according to one official—were killed by U.S. firepower to "pacify" Kien Hoa.

The many quotations they use as documentation are always seen as exceptions to a generally sorry state of coverage. But in time the exceptions loom almost large enough to refute their thesis. Even Henry Kamm, whose Pulitzer Prize for reporting from Indochina the authors take as something close to a personal insult, will find himself cited as a reliable authority when his dispatches (in this case, information about the further suffering of My Lai survivors) fit the professors' argument.

It is on the matter of Indochina, in fact, and particularly Cambodia, that Chomsky and Herman become most strident. They attack—rightly, in my view—any attempt to rewrite recent history to suggest that the American involvement in Indochina was wise, decent or, at worst, a lapse from the usual beneficence. In the process, they skewer such foolishness as Harry Reasoner's view that Laos had survived "the clowning of the C.I.A. and the vicious invasion of the North Vietnamese."

"There are still those," write Chomsky and Herman, "who see U.S. actions in Vietnam as an aberration, a deviation from the disinterested concern and noble efforts that animate U.S. policy in Southeast Asia and elsewhere." And then they take to task—again, I believe, rightly—President Carter's sophistic refusal to extend aid to Vietnam for rebuilding a land we left ravaged and infertile.

I do not dispute their doubts about refugees as reliable sources of information on the Communist "bloodbaths" after the U.S. troops left Indochina. Nor their argument that the Vietnamese have invaded Cambodia for age-old territorial reasons that have little to do with humanitarian motives. Nor their suggestion that the forced evacuation of Phnom Penh may have been an attempt to save the urban population from starvation rather than a form of repressive punishment.

But the fact of that starvation is no longer disputable, and William Shawcross, along with others, has called for an inquiry by the United Nations. Apparently Norodom Sihanouk has joined that appeal, and while Sihanouk has never been mistaken for a democrat, he managed for a remarkable length of time to keep his country at peace and his countrymen fed. (I used to cringe when *Time* magazine in the mid-1960s routinely referred to him as "Snooky," one evidence of bias that Chomsky and Herman either overlooked or were willing to forgo.)

With all these points to concede, why then, at least to my ear, is there something tinny about the Chomsky-Herman chapters on Cambodia? Perhaps it is the unrelenting insistence that they were right about Indochina and that almost everyone else was wrong. Compared to the recent articles from Shawcross, which concerned the well-being, indeed the survival, of the Cambodian people, the passages from Chomsky and Herman represent a high

---

A.J. Langguth was The New York Times*'s Saigon bureau chief in 1965. He is the author of* Hidden Terrors: The Truth About U.S. Police Operations in Latin America *(Pantheon Books).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

degree of special pleading, which because of their obsession with our sins, ends up slighting the major issue—the present fate of the Cambodians.

They acknowledge that the Cambodia of today is in a pitiful state. Yet that concession comes glancingly and only as a prelude to further indictments of the press. For example: "The record of atrocities is substantial and often gruesome, but it has by no means satisfied the requirements of Western propagandists, who must labor to shift the blame for the torment of Indochina to the victims of France and the United States. Consequently, there has been extensive fabrication of evidence, a tide that has not been stemmed even by repeated exposure."

In several cases, the authors are persuasive about the fabrications. Pin Yathai, a well-publicized Cambodian refugee, may have exaggerated when he spoke of "cannibalism" during the reign of the Khmer Rouge (although in a recent *New York Times Magazine* article Sydney Schanberg reports a similar rumor from his friend Dith Pran); some photographs of such atrocities purportedly from Cambodia may have been faked in Thailand, and an interview supposedly given by Khieu Samphan, the Khmer Rouge Premier, in which he allegedly boasted of eliminating a million Cambodians, also looks very dubious. All points well worth correcting, and along the way the authors have a bit of fun roasting *The Wall Street Journal*, *TV Guide* and *The Reader's Digest* for promulgating distortions or outright falsehoods.

But when one strips away their rather muddled surface of detailed examples, what does one find? The authors do not dispute that there were atrocities in Cambodia; rather, they question the scope of the brutality and whether it was ordered by the central Government or came about because of local revenge. By scaling down the casualties and treating offhandedly the Khmer Rouge reprisals against Cambodia's merchants and shopkeepers, Chomsky and Herman can conclude that events in Cambodia are probably no worse than those in France after World War II, when Nazi collaborators were summarily executed, or in present-day Timor, where political murder has gone largely unreported.

I have two objections to their tactic. First, it reminds one of the manner in which children exchange insults, So's your old man! Usually, this is a response that comes from the right: You're so concerned about Argentina, why don't you worry about Czechoslovakia for a change? How surprising to hear such talk from Chomsky and Herman. If the world press were to converge suddenly on Timor, it wouldn't improve the lot of a single Cambodian.

Even worse is the authors' implication that somehow things in Cambodia aren't really so bad, and that if there are problems, they're not the fault of those who protested against the war. Beneath the accusations and the thud of footnotes comes a steady counterpoint: Don't blame us, don't blame us. Given the urgency in Cambodia, there is only one answer to that, and it was provided by Bertolt Brecht: "First feed the face, and then talk right and wrong."

That attempt to shrug off any responsibility is the more disturbing because it is so unnecessary. Surely when the rights and wrongs of Indochina are sorted out many years from now, neither author will have much to fear.

By committing his formidable reputation in linguistics to the antiwar movement, Noam Chomsky became an important voice in the cause. Now it would appear, from his account of his experiences with Warner Books and from stories circulating in New York, that some journals once proud to print his essays have closed their pages to him. He may well have reason for bitterness. But reading the Cambodian chapters, I had the unsettling impression that Chomsky and Herman want to harp on our mistakes for the next twenty years.

That brings me to a crucial point about the press in the United States—not a defense, merely an observation. The most important, and the most difficult, limitation for anyone outside journalism to accept is that the daily press has no memory. There is Jimmy Carter, denouncing Russian actions in Afghanistan right before our eyes as though Diem and Nhu still lived and no American boot had ever trod on Vietnamese soil. Is the press to expose that as hypocrisy? Does that mean that the press must hold a President responsible for the words and deeds of his predecessors? If so, what is the statute of limitations? Was the press remiss in not mentioning Auschwitz when John Kennedy boasted of being a Berliner?

Chomsky and Herman try to prove an inevitable bias of a capitalistic press against any socialistic country. There is no question that the press of the United States is big business or that its editors are executives, often middle-aged, less enthusiastic, perhaps, than their copy boys to see the prevailing system scrapped tomorrow.

But if we are expected to try to see life through the eyes of Third World peoples, to understand their aspirations and frustrations, then we should remember as well the limits on the perspective of the U.S. newspaper reader and those editors who are chosen to serve him because they share his assumptions. The press is molded less by conspiracy, warmongering and a thirst for capitalistic exploitation than by a common upbringing and temperament.

One trait of that disposition—a skepticism that is the pride of most successful editors—will always prevent the press from attaining Chomsky's political ideal. These editors will say: of course young Iranians claim to have been tortured by Savak. After all, they are politically opposed to the Shah; they may even be Communists. How can we know for sure about the torture? So at best the accusations get a few paragraphs, followed immediately by official denials.

That same skepticism prevents an editor from presenting as fact a U.F.O. sighting or a lunatic's bogus murder confession. But in international reporting, where the best of newspapers will have only one foreign reporter covering Central and South Africa or all of Latin America, the result can be lapses—the lapses that Chomsky and Herman prefer to attribute to conspiracy.

Good reporters share their editors' wariness. Chomsky and Herman bear down hard on Schanberg of *The New York Times* for disregarding two eyewitness reports that were favorable to the actions of the Khmer Rouge during the evacuation of Phnom Penh. Since its mere appearance in print lends an unearned authenticity to any account, the professors, in printing this story, may persuade some readers that Schanberg purposely ignored important evidence.

But every week a reporter must evaluate dozens of conflicting stories from the misinformed, the moneyed lobbies, the cranks and the public relations offices. Without categorizing either the New Zealander or his Cambodian wife, whose pro-Khmer Rouge ac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counts the professors choose to trust, I would argue that Schanberg's work demonstrated an unusual skill at protecting his readers from inaccurate sources.

Although they must necessarily rely on instinct, reporters for the wire services, the newspapers and the networks must also strive for balance. That means that they must sometimes print official denials even when they disbelieve them. Morley Safer's current life as a Nielsen favorite may cause us to forget that he was splendid in the Vietnam of the mid-1960s, when he and his crew caught on film a U.S. Marine using his pocket lighter to set fire to a Vietnamese house.

The next day, the U.S. Mission in Saigon defended that action with a particularly unpersuasive excuse, announcing that this seemingly innocent village had actually been a fortified camp. But reporters for such newspapers of record as *The New York Times* had no choice about filing the Mission's version. They could hedge and explicate until even a mildly attentive reader would know that the official explanation was a lie, but somewhere in the story the Government's lie had to appear. (In that instance, William F. Buckley Jr., in his syndicated column, "The Firing Line," carved the few sentences of denial from their protective casing and made it appear that *The Times* was refuting Safer's allegation. Against that sort of one-eyed citation, the daily reporter has no defense.)

In some fourteen months of reporting for *The New York Times* from Southeast Asia during 1964-65, I was never censored by the newspaper, so I was particularly displeased to read, in Chomsky and Herman's account of the U.S. bombing of Laos, the casual line: ". . . an episode which, incidentally, was initially suppressed by *The New York Times* editors." Turning for documentation to the footnote, I found only the very general reference, "See Volume II, Chapters 4 and 5."

As it happens, I remember clearly an afternoon in 1964 when I was interviewing an American diplomat in Vientiane who, to his subsequent regret, let slip the news that Prince Souvanna Phouma had given his permission for U.S. bombing inside Laos along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The next morning, that story led *The New York Times* front page: *The Times* is in the business of selling news, not suppressing it.

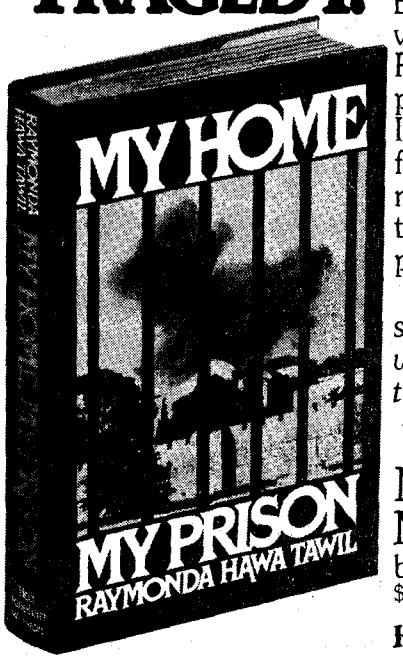
It is true that once in a while an editor on *The Times*'s foreign desk would offer a suggestion, but not the sort that Chomsky and Herman suspect. With the war heating up, one such request ran, brutality on both sides may have increased. Could the Saigon bureau provide a roundup? The information was collected, cabled and printed. And soon after, the Pentagon was denying that recalcitrant Vietnamese prisoners had ever been thrown from U.S. Army helicopters at high altitudes.

Magazines, which are also a part of Chomsky and Herman's Free Press, operate under different rules from newspapers, with the result that their writers enjoy more latitude. I was able to express personal misgivings about the purpose of the Vietnam War in *The New York Times Magazine* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, misgivings that would have been, quite properly, rejected as copy for *The Times*'s news columns.

The best magazines are edited for the committed, which does not mean, of course, that their information is less accurate than a daily's. Over the years, a magazine can be at least as valuable in understanding the world as can a newspaper. But it takes nothing away from the achievements of, say, Penny Lernoux, a truly impressive foreign correspondent, to point out that if she were working for a wire service or a daily newspaper, her coverage of Latin America would be different—not less sensitive or informed but merely more fragmented and ephemeral.

Books, another part of what Chomsky and Herman derisively label our Free Press, are different from both magazines and daily papers, and I was not surprised that Chomsky and Herman found more to endorse between hard covers than from the news rack. In their treatment of Brazil, they quote approvingly (and accurately) from Prof. Jan Black's book, *United States Penetration of Brazil* (University of Pennsylvania Press), and from my own book on that same subject. Dr. Black's book was her Ph.D. thesis and an immense labor of scholarship. My own book required research and interviews in Washington, Europe and Latin America over a three-year period. When

A PALESTINIAN WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE ARAB-ISRAELI TRAGEDY.



Here is a look at the Middle East from a Palestinian woman's point of view. Raymonda Tawil dares to be pro-Palestinian while living in Israel, and dares to be a feminist while living in a medieval society. Her story is the story of the Palestinian people.

"Mrs. Tawil gives us, with sadness but without rancor... what it is to be a Palestinian in the West Bank."
–The New York Times Book Review

MY HOME, MY PRISON
by Raymonda Hawa Tawil
$12.95

Holt, Rinehart & Winston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officials lied to her or to me, we were not obliged to offer them equal space in our pages. When writing a history, the evidence is in; the writer must only collect the facts, weigh them and put them in an order that makes sense of them.

But who, at the beginning, knew how the Vietnam War would end? Who knows today the fate of Cambodia, except that its people are starving to death? True, a daily reporter falls back on his intuition. But in the Saigon of 1965, mine was very different from that of such knowledgeable observers as Keyes Beech of *The Chicago Daily News*, who drew on years of experience in Asia to argue for the necessity of the war. How sure could any of us be?

Better, then, to write every day only what one saw and heard and believed to be that day's scant measure of truth. Better to leave the compilation and the distillation to the professors, confident that, if you are proved wrong, they will—in their own time—let the world know about it. □

Frank Capra Against the Sandinists

GERALD WEALES

Americans of my generation, who learned their history at the movies, harbored for years the suspicion that Dolly Madison was Ginger Rogers and that General Custer was Errol Flynn. When it finally dawned on us that historical figures were not movie stars—at least, not in the traditional Hollywood sense—we concluded that the commercial film was an unlikely source of historical information. We were wrong again. It has taken time, which has turned the films into historic artifacts, to show us that movies with no pretensions to accuracy or social significance can provide useful documentary evidence on the connection between popular and official attitudes and the interplay of those two power centers, Washington and Hollywood. Take as an example Frank Capra's *Flight* (1929).

Flight was one of a group of pictures—"the Jack Holt-Ralph Graves heroics," as Bob Thomas called them in *King Cohn*—which grew out of the success of *Submarine* (1928), the film that established Capra at Columbia by proving to Harry Cohn that the director could make money for him. Holt and Graves, once popular in silents, found new success as a team with *Submarine* and went on to make not only *Flight* but also *Hell's Island* (1930), *Dirigible* (1931), Capra's last contribution to this genre, *A Dangerous Affair* (1931) and *War Correspondent* (1932) before the partnership ran dry. In *Flight*, Graves, who wrote the story on which the film was based, plays Lefty Phelps, a young athlete who tends to break under pressure. *Flight* sends him into the Marines and turns him into a flier, but the main business of one of its plots is to cure him of his block; it takes battle conditions and the need to rescue Panama Williams (Holt) to set him free. The other plot concerns the buddyship of Panama, the old sergeant, and Lefty, the new recruit, and their competition for the love of the pretty nurse, Elinor, (Lila Lee); it takes battle conditions and Panama's need to rescue Lefty to resolve this conflict, to give Elinor to Lefty with Panama's blessing.

To genre collectors *Flight* is both an adventure, like William Wellman's celebrated *Wings* (1927), which provides an excuse for fancy air photography, and a buddy movie—its roots in *What Price Glory* and *Tell It to the Marines* (both 1926)—in which a presumably colorful pair of tough guys (Graves is a bit bland for my taste) hog center screen while the woman—the bone of contention, the catalyst, the reward—hovers on the edge of the action. To the Capra enthusiast *Flight* provides an early instance of a hero temporarily invalided by disillusionment; the "Capra romance pattern" Leland A. Poague describes in *The Cinema of Frank Capra*, offering a list of examples that reaches from *Long Pants* (1927) to *State of the Union* (1948).

Generic connections, Capra promises—good, conventional reasons to be interested in *Flight*—but, when I saw the film in 1978, I was struck most forcefully by the political assumptions in it. By 1979, newspaper headlines gave the fifty-year-old film an oddly contemporary look. It is not that the action in *Flight* parallels contemporary events but the ideological implications and the historical situation in the film provide an eccentric backdrop to an ugly civil war around which Washington tiptoed in search of a safe spot to shelter American interests. *Flight* takes place in Nicaragua during the first Sandinist rebellion. It is in the jungles there that the good-bad boy heroes find the occasion to save one another and to display that insouciant charm that depends in part on the assumed inferiority of all non-Yankees. *Macho* is the fashionable adjective that springs to mind, which is ironic because, as Carleton Beals indicated in his 1928 pieces in *The Nation*, the Nicaraguans called the Americans the "*Machos*."

In the film, the Marine commander describes the rebel leader as "the bandit Lobo . . . a cruel, cunning devil." This wolf, who calls himself "General Lobo," as we are somewhat contemptuously told, is lightly disguised fiction for Augusto Sandino, whose rebel forces were still in the hills when the film was released. How light that disguise was can be seen by a look at one of the novelizations of the film. It was common practice at the time for Hollywood companies to prepare story versions of their screenplays and distribute them to fan magazines and Sunday supplements. Irwin R. Franklin wrote an extended treatment of *Flight*, which I assume was published by a number of newspapers although I read it in *The Buffalo Times* for November 10, 1929, where it appeared as a self-contained section. Franklin uses Sandino's own name and characterizes him as a charlatan. "This man, in the guise of a patriot and self-appointed deliverer, traveled among the ignorant peasantry, calling men to revolt against a mythical hand that was supposed to be oppressing these people."

When it became clear that Sandino and his men "were far more interested in confiscating American property and threatening the lives of the Northern Republic's citizens with interests in Nicaragua" than in that country's welfare, the "helpless president of the little republic" appealed to Washington, citing the Monroe Doctrine, "contending that the rebel forces were being financed by some foreign power." Such a phrase conjures the specter of international Communism, but it turns out that Sandino is "a paid dupe of some great commercial and industrial

Gerald Weales reviews plays for Commonweal *and teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

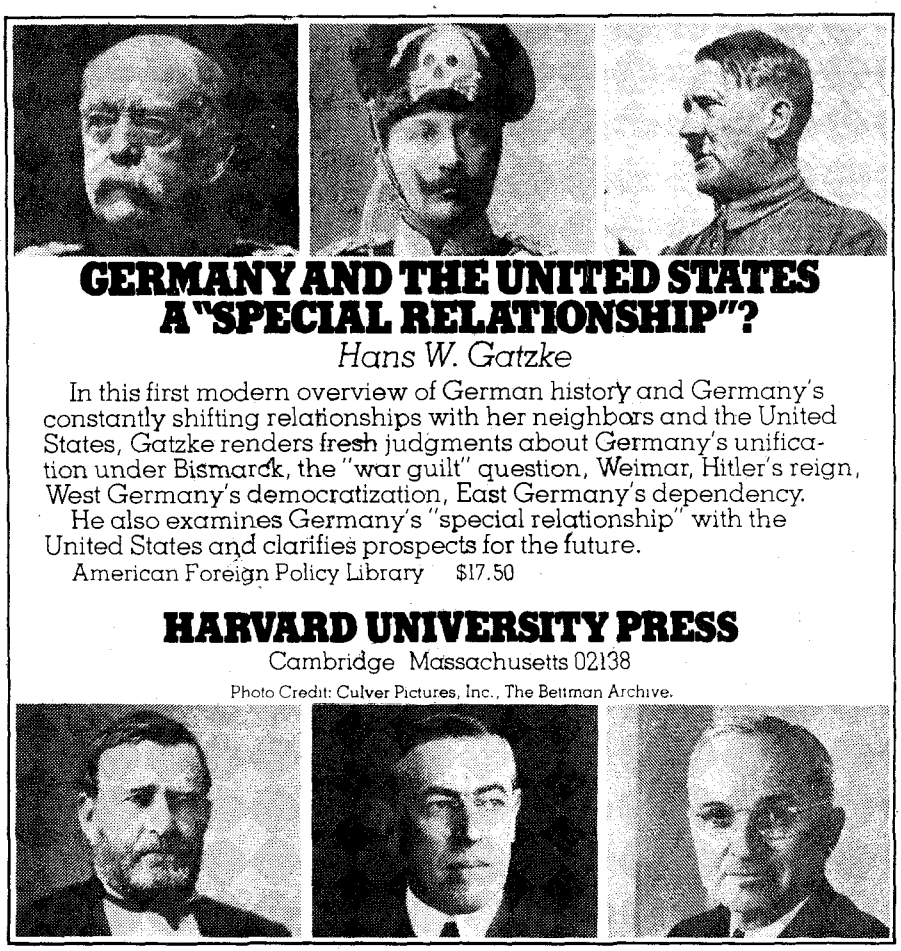
group," a somewhat unusual reading of the Nicaraguan situation since it was generally assumed, as one of Sandino's officers told Beals (*The Nation*, March 28, 1928), that a "certain New York banking-house" had a dominant voice in the Nicaraguan Government against which Sandino was rebelling. In any case, Franklin went on to say, the United States, faced with "Sandino's practice of vicious banditry," sent in the Marines. Some of them were promptly killed "in a surprise attack," and this "brutal murdering of American Marines" made it necessary to call in the Marine air force, "The Flying Devils." Having carefully set his scene, Franklin could get back to Lefty and Panama, those unlikely members of the American force sent to keep "Nicaragua's Bloody 'Peace,' " as the title of a *Literary Digest* article (January 14, 1928) called it.

Franklin's Nicaragua, implicit in the movie which has to set its political scene with a few speeches from Marine officers and a series of newspaper headlines, is essentially the official Washington version. This can be seen not only in the extensive arguments over the American presence in period newspapers and magazines but also in Henry L. Stimson's *American Policy in Nicaragua* (1927). It was Stimson whom President Coolidge sent to negotiate with José Maria Moncada when that General was leading a rebellion against the Government of Aldolfo Diaz in 1927. Moncada agreed to call off his rebellion on the promise of American-run elections, which he eventually won, but Sandino, one of his lieutenants, refused to accept the agreement. In his book, Stimson characterizes Sandino, on hearsay, as the leader of an army made up mostly of "Honduranean mercenaries," an old follower of Pancho Villa who "only came back to Nicaragua on the outbreak of the revolution in order to enjoy the opportunities for violence and pillage which it offered." By 1928, most of these stories about Sandino were exploded, but he was still a "bandit" to official Washington as, in 1929, he was "bandit Lobo" to *Flight*.

Nicaragua appears in three guises in *Flight*, all of them redolent with conventional Hollywood references and all of them feeding the idea of the American innocent, heroic almost by accident. The first of these gives us a placid group of natives, including a mother and her child, sitting on a veranda, strumming and singing one of the Spanish standards. This is clearly the happy-darky scene so necessary to movies about the gently civilized Old South, and the implication is that sensible folks like the Americans—even those as confused as Panama and Lefty—have to look after such childish people. Of course, being foreign, they have an evil side as well. We get this when Lefty goes to a cantina to drown his sorrows, falls in with wicked women and has to be rescued by Panama as a surrogate Boy Scout leader.

The third view of the Nicaraguan, the one central to the film, is that of the bandit in the hills. We know his type for the Marine commander, briefing the new troops, shows them photographs of the mutilated bodies of dead Marines, discreetly shielding the movie audience from a direct view of the horrors. There were atrocity stories aplenty at the time, but, as Carleton Beals reported from Sandino's base, the Sandinists were ready to match the Marines ugly story for ugly story. In the film, of course, the nastiness is all on one side, as it always was in films which pictured civilized outposts in barbarous lands. These echoes of British India, of French North Africa, of the American West—at least as Hollywood understood those places—are so strong that the central military encounter is immediately recognizable. A handful of Marines are trapped at an inaccessible fort, besieged by rebel forces that far outnumber them, and we understand immediately that this is a Nicaraguan equivalent of the circle of covered wagons holding out against the murderous redskins. We know, too, that the Marine aviators will save the day as the cavalry regularly did in Western movies, and so they do. It is a nice irony that the Nicaraguan bandits, as Frank Capra explains in his autobiography, *The Name Above the Title*, were played by "local Digger Indians from Ramona, St. Ysabel, and Pala."

The disturbing thing about this scene—a mandatory one for an adventure film—is that it is not a Hollywood invention. It is an idealized depiction of the "bloody affray at Ocotal," as the *Literary Digest* (July 30, 1927) called the events that took place at that mountain town on July 16. The battle was widely covered, as a victory or an outrage, but the most interesting account was written many years later by Capt. Francis P.


GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES
A "SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP"?
Hans W. Gatzke
In this first modern overview of German history and Germany's constantly shifting relationships with her neighbors and the United States, Gatzke renders fresh judgments about Germany's unification under Bismarck, the "war guilt" question, Weimar, Hitler's reign, West Germany's democratization, East Germany's dependency.
He also examines Germany's "special relationship" with the United States and clarifies prospects for the future.
American Foreign Policy Library $17.50
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge Massachusetts 02138
Photo Credit: Culver Pictures, Inc., The Bettman Archive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mulcahy in the *United States Naval Institute Proceedings* (August 1933). Mulcahy, a Marine flier who had served in Nicaragua, tells a matter-of-fact tale, for he is interested primarily in the mechanics of the mission. A small group of Marines and Guardia (the local troops) were surrounded in center Ocotal by "a force of bandits five times the size of the garrison." When an observation plane reported the situation, five planes "took off with capacity loads of fragmentation bombs and machine-gun ammunition." Their "dive-bombing attack" broke the rebel hold on the garrison; the besiegers "scattered to all points of the compass only to become targets, as they ran for cover, for the guns of both cockpits, the pilots firing their fixed guns as they dived and the observers using their free guns as the planes recovered from the dives and gained altitude for further attacks." The Sandinists lost between 300 and 400 men, depending upon which account one reads, which is surprising when one remembers that Stimson had reported, on General Moncada's authority, that Sandino had only "about 150 followers." The problem of what bodies to count seems not to be a new one.

The Brooklyn Eagle commented after Ocotal: "The bombing plane has become the new symbol of our imperialism." *Flight* harbored no such doubts about "The Flying Devils," which is hardly surprising when one reads Capra's acknowledgment in *Name*: "The Marine Corps put all the facilities and personnel of their Marine Base at North Island, San Diego, at our complete disposal—including a squadron of nine Curtis fighter bombers, two-seater open-cockpit jobs with a machine gun in the nose, another for the rear gunner, and half a dozen trippable small bombs attached to the fuselage." A number of the news stories about the making of the film emphasized that Capt. Francis E. Pierce was detailed to supervise the war scenes and that Col. Harry Lay, temporarily in command at San Diego, also assisted. Washington, of course, gave its blessing. It was customary at that time—and for many years afterward—for the armed serviees to cooperate with Hollywood studios in making pictures which may have been marketable entertainment to the money boys but which must have looked like animated recruitment posters to the military mavens. What else can one make of all those films in which rambunctious, genteelly raunchy young men proved that it was fun to be in the Marines, the Navy, the Army, and in which death, on its infrequent intrusions, was cleansed by romance and sentiment, as it is in *Flight*?

In a very good scene, a secular ritual of sorts, Lefty sets fire to a crashed plane to protect the dead body of one of his mates not only from jungle ants but from possible mutilation by the presumably primitive enemy. It would not do to trouble the Saturday matinee crowd with the suggestion that the Nicaraguan adventure might be imperialist or illegal or—even worse—a laboratory experiment. When I read Captain Mulcahy's placid conclusion—"This battle demonstrated beyond all doubt the wisdom of including an aviation unit as an integral part of any expeditionary force"—I saw in new perspective our accurate assumption that the Italians and the Germans used Ethiopia and Spain to test battle theory and equipment. Someone at Columbia must have understood what Nicaragua meant to the Marine air force because Franklin, in his narrative version, said that the fliers were sent in because "It is almost impossible to suppress Sandino and his bandits with land forces due to the nature of the country."

That *almost* is superfluous. The most fascinating thing about Mulcahy's article is the unstated fact, which peeks through paragraph after paragraph, that the Marines never did defeat the rebels; American forces were simply withdrawn in 1933 when our policy changed. We may have got around to admitting that the United States can lose wars by 1980, but fifty years ago no one but a reporter like Beals would have suggested that we could fail to win a limited military operation. That is presumably why *Flight* is about a single siege broken and not about the "Second Nicaraguan Campaign," as Mulcahy calls it. The demands of the genre met the needs of the advising Marine Corps and *Flight* got its clear victory. After all, it was not a movie about war; it was a movie about two buddies and the girl they fought over.

That is certainly the way the reviewers saw it. Most of them treated *Flight*'s Nicaragua simply as a Hollywood fiction, making no connection between the film and the real events so widely reported in 1927 and 1928. Of the reviewers I read, only Harry Evans in *Life* (October 18, 1929) looked beyond the screen in his slightly sardonic comment, "they are sent down to Nicaragua to fight for whatever Marines fight for when they go to Nicaragua," but then *Life* was still a comic magazine in 1929. The only outraged reaction that I have come across was in *The Canadian Forum* (May 1930), an editorial comment, not a review. It called the "obnoxious film" a "glorification of the United States Marine Corps" and "a ridiculous misrepresentation of American activity in Nicaragua," and found the bombing scene particularly disgusting. "The

JOHN CLARE

I was afraid, seeing the plain
leather of my hand. When you put out
the light the window begins
slowly to appear, looming.

Some things are clear—a thrush
nesting in a hoofprint, and that
a man should sleep where he is born,
that house where songs resound
like violin wood when the bow stops.

To think of the sea keeps you
awake all night, or the eyes
of a bird stunned at the glass
that fluttered in your hands.

Listen, the only
book in the language worth your trade
is blank, is yours. Now
I have forgotten who you are.

Kim Robert Stafford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worst quality of these Nicaraguans is their resentment of the Marines' presence in Nicaragua," the *Forum* said; "they actually wish to chase home these fine, upstanding, clean-limbed, slick-haired heroes." By the time our sharp-eyed Canadian neighbors had seen what *Flight* was really about, Jack Holt and Ralph Graves had left not only Nicaragua but the Marine air force as well. They were in the Foreign Legion in *Hell's Island*.

The real Marines were still in Nicaragua, presumably to keep somebody's peace. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* (Manhattan Theater Club) is a Mystery of final things: as death, the end of an age. Being altogether modern, it is also a comedy. We do not weep in the theater nowadays over futility, protracted dreariness or doom: we laugh.

"Endgame" is a technical term signifying the last stage in playing a hand, the position of the important card having been generally known, and the play being determined accordingly; or the point in the game when the forces (in chess or checkers) have been greatly reduced.

The central image of the piece is that of Hamm, a blind man, paralyzed, shut off in a bare, gray room with his legless parents who remain immobilized in two dustbins. His condition does not change from first to last. Hamm has an alter ego, Clov, who might be likened to an enslaved son. There is much scurrying about on Clov's part but little action; the earth and sea outside have nothing on the horizon: all is still, inert, "corpsed." At the end of Clov's long submission to his "father" and master, Hamm, he appears to be on the verge of escape. Is there hope of resurrection in this? Probably not, but we cannot be sure. Hamm "gives up," with a weary finality: "Old endgame lost of old, play and lose and have done with losing."

I append further citations to convey the tone of what is essentially a dramatic poem. Hamm asks Clov, "Have you not had enough?" "Of what?" Clov asks. The answer is, "Of this—this—thing." He refers no doubt to the burden of life. Clov is always seen in movement, obeying Hamm's senseless orders. "I can't sit," he cries out, to which Hamm responds with, "And I can't stand. . . . Every man his specialty." "What's happening?" Hamm wants to know. Clov's reply is, "Something is taking its course." Hamm wonders, "We're not beginning to mean something?" "Mean something!" Clov mocks, "You and I mean something. . . . Oh, that's good." Hamm speculates for a moment, "Imagine if a rational being came back to earth, wouldn't he be able to get ideas into his head if he observed us long enough. . . . To think perhaps it won't all have been for nothing!" Clov asks the supreme question, "Do you believe in the life to come?" and receives the superb answer, "Mine was always that." This is the special humor, the Beckett "joke," which makes his work seem like a scenario for a farce. Clov asks, "What is there to keep us here?" Hamm answers, "The dialogue."

The cream of the jest is the story told by the male dustbin occupant about a man who brought cloth to a tailor to have trousers made. The tailor takes an unconscionable time to finish the job. The customer, at the end of his patience, explodes, "In six days, do you hear me, six days God made the World! And you are not bloody well capable of making me a pair of trousers in three months!" The tailor retorts, "But my dear Sir, my dear Sir, look at the world and look at my trousers."

When I saw *Endgame* in Paris in 1957 I thought it "at times impressive and drab, at other times snarling through a grin. . . . Its writing has humor, tang and obliquely lyric dialogue." But I thought it lacked the tenderness which alleviated the restlessness of *Waiting for Godot*. Since then, I have seen it directed by Alan Schneider, André Greogry and now by Joseph Chaikin in the present production at M.T.C. Each of these productions had different characteristics and merits, but none of the quiet and numb ache of the first one which, though in French, had something of the wonderful lostness and melody of Jack MacGowran's eminently Irish reading of the Beckett anthology we heard some years ago at the Public Theater.

I am reminded now of what Aaron Copland once said on receiving a complete recording of Anton Webern's compositions. He admired Webern, considered him a seminal figure in modern music, a highly significant artist, but found that he had no special urge to return to repeated hearings of his work. Perhaps because I have seen *Endgame* four times I feel the same way about it. I do not feel quite this way about *Waiting for Godot*. But it may be that I have grown weary of weariness, the standstill of pained bewilderment—now become a prevalent posture—even though I cannot help being in awe of the genius of Beckett's methods of expressing it.

I found Chaikin's *Endgame* clear and forceful, and I appreciated the ironic grin on Daniel Seltzer's "masked" face as Hamm, and the exasperated incisiveness of Michael Gross's Clov. But there was too strained a declamation and too much accentuation in the reading of the lines, as though they were being delivered by an overzealous and overdisciplined company attempting to perform Shakespeare in the grand manner. There is ringing sound but little inner

PREVIEWS NOW THRU FEB. 20 • OPENS THURS., FEB. 21

UTA HAGEN CHARLES NELSON REILLY

CHARLOTTE

TELE-CHARGE: (212) 354-4490 Charge tickets with any major credit card.
TICKETRON: (212) 977-9020 • Group Sales: (212) 221-3551
BELASCO THEATRE 44th St. East of B'way • (212) 354-4490

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

music or lyricism.

In writing about Beckett I cannot help but contrast him in certain respects with Pinter: the first is the progenitor of the second.

The abstractions in Beckett's writing may make understanding it difficult, but its mood is always emotionally persuasive. Though Pinter may be obscure or elusive in some of his detail, his work on the whole is more "realistic": he is of his time and place and always unmistakably English. Pinter is wed to his ambiguity, as if to divulge precisely what he means would be simple-minded, almost vulgar.

This trait is especially troubling in *Betrayal*, for while there is no doubt about what happens in it, the significance of its events is elusive. At some risk, I venture to be plain about what I believe Pinter is saying in this play. He is speaking of love among the English educated middle class. It has all but castrated itself spiritually by its traditional sense of form and correct manners. Such people cannot truly love because the wells of passion in them have gone dry. They are only capable of polite social relationships: the men feel at ease chiefly in the rituals of lunch (polite conversations about sports, books, theater, etc.) and fornication. Vital experience is so rare that memories fade. The play debunks the romance of adultery. Viewed in this light, *Betrayal* becomes at least a criticism of contemporary English society. If it is not that, one wonders what it is. I submit this interpretation to explain how the play can be, as I wrote in my last column, both irritating and fascinating. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Claude Sautet is the French director whose *Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others*, a film about new strains on old friendships, played here several years ago. His new work, written by him and Jean-Loup Dabadie, is *A Simple Story*; it is thoughtful but in the end not very profound. The people in it are worth knowing; the script gives them substance, and Sautet has directed his cast with respect for the characters' intelligence and sympathy for their failings. They have resonance and I found myself caring a good deal about what befell them. At the same time, I was disconcerted by the mathematics of their relationships. Like balls on a pool table, they click together at calculated angles and carom off on the tangents of their emotional coefficients. Human relationships can, of course, be like that, but I was expecting something less glassy from these people and became increasingly aware of the canny game plan.

When the picture opens, Marie (Romy Schneider) is arranging for an abortion at the clinic of the industrial design office where she works. She does not want the child because she no longer wants Serge, its father (Claude Brasseur), a lover whom she has found to be neglectful of her and destructive of himself. Marie is 40, perhaps at the height of her beauty, divorced, the mother of a most rewarding teen-age son, adequately employed and oppressed by a growing conviction that her life is without savor. Looking about, she senses that the women closest to her are in a similar fix.

At this point, and by chance, she runs into Georges, her former husband, now living with a much younger woman, a graduate student. An office colleague, husband of Marie's best friend, has been dismissed and has attempted suicide. Georges (Bruno Cremer) has influence with the management and she asks him to do what he can to save the man's job. He is reluctant, but during this meeting their excitement for each other is rekindled, and he promises to see what can be arranged. They become lovers once again and it seems probable that they will remarry. But then the colleague proves to be unemployable, Georges says he can do no more, Marie cannot accept what she sees as lack of charity for a broken man and breaks off the renewed union.

As the score then stands, Serge is paired off with one of the more raffish women in the group, Georges is moving south to a new job, taking the graduate student with him, Marie rents a house with the widow of the colleague, who has killed himself on the second try. Marie also discovers that she is pregnant by Georges, but this time determines to bear the child. One sees that she is no longer disenchanted with life, but one doesn't exactly see why, except that that's the way it was planned. Ironically, the characters in *A Simple Story* (the minor ones as well as the principals) are so arresting that they expose the rigid machinery of the plot. It is in fact a better than average screenplay, but Sautet and Dabadie had the misfortune to imagine people who had wills of their own. Stories for such as these must build organically; one cannot set them to glancing off one another and expect that they will drop obediently and convincingly into the pockets chosen for them. Anthony Trollope admitted that he never knew what was to befall his heroes and heroines when he started to write a new novel; in the case of *A Simple Story*, the authors know only too well. However, they did produce the people, or I wouldn't be invoking Trollope.

The women's movement didn't begin yesterday. That's an obvious remark, but you rarely see it more neatly proved than by the Australian film, *My Brilliant Career*. It was made by women —Margaret Fink, producer; Gilliam Armstrong, director, and Judy Davis in the entirely dominating central role—who have reached back to the beginning of the century for their story. The picture is based on an autobiographical novel of the same name that was written by Miles Franklin, an Australian girl of 16, and published by Blackwoods of Edinburgh in 1901.

Sybylla Melvyn (Ms. Davis) is a girl of gentle background whose rancher father has been impoverished by a sustained drought. The rest of the family buckle down to adversity, but Sybylla (only a novelist of 16 could come up with that name) will not have it. She senses in herself the promise of artistic greatness and, knowing little of art and nothing of the world, feels sure the promise can be fulfilled. Thus she will not resign herself to drudgery, and when, to her initial great joy, she is taken under the wing of her rich and elegant maternal grandmother, she will not resign herself to the conventions of polite society. She is much given to asserting her opinions, which are not usually those of her elders, and she obviously looks for chances to outrage convention. It is generally agreed that Sybylla is a "handful," but hers is no act—she has the courage to wager her life on her freedom. A wealthy and appealing young man (Sam Neill) falls in love with her and she deeply with him, but she will not accept what she sees as the bonds of matrimony. At the end, she is back on her father's wind-ravaged

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farm, putting her manuscript into the mail for Blackwoods, and then leaning on the gate and smiling into the future.

Is that a happy ending or a tragic one? Something of both, and where you place the weight depends on how you appraise a human life. The program notes tell a little more about the life of Miles Franklin. After *My Brilliant Career* came out, some of her family fumed at recognizing themselves in print, and she moved to Sydney, where she wrote freelance for magazines and completed a second novel that was not published until 1946. In 1905 she came to this country and helped to organize the Women's Trade Union League in Chicago. By 1915 she was in England, where she worked for a time in nurseries for slum children, then joined the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit and served as an orderly in the Balkans. At the end of the war, she returned to England and wrote several more novels, some of them under a pseudonym, none of them remembered today. She died back in Sydney in 1954. Clearly it was not a brilliant career, but just as clearly it was a life of independence, which was what she had determined to have.

The film is innocent—touching, sometimes funny, but predominantly innocent. That quality, of course, must characterize the novel—an inexperienced Australian girl of 16 could scarcely have written in any other voice. But it has seemed to me that Australian films in general have an innocent air about them; it is as though the movie makers far off there have not been calloused by the experiences that have darkened our world in the last few generations, as though they had no qualms as to the general excellence of humanity or its chance for survival. They seem still to trust the verities.

My Brilliant Career is filmed in quietly elegant or picturesquely squalid settings and in excellent color. Nevertheless, it is very much a black-and-white view of life, the antitheses in this case being between self-fulfillment and duty, between freedom and propriety. Sybylla is to be seen either boisterously kicking up her heels or tearfully ruing her vulnerability. The content of her behavior may be rebellious, but the portrayal of it is storybook conventional, never more so than when she tenderly sends her lover away. I am sure the book is like that, but eighty years have passed since it was written, and it might have been possible, with hindsight, to create a film that went deeper than its pages. Judy Davis is an actress of great vitality and evident wit; if encouraged in that direction, she could have created a more complex, perhaps more ambiguous character than her rather externalized portrayal of a girl caught in a fateful dilemma. But the film was keyed to the book, and as it stands it depends a good deal on one's realization that there really was such a girl and that, however naïve the presentation, her battle for identity was astonishing in Australia at the turn of the century. Or, of course, one can bask in nostalgia for innocence.

Wim Wenders's *The Wrong Move* is said to be derived from Goethe's immensely long *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* and that seems to be confirmed by the fact that the hero of Peter Handke's screenplay is named Wilhelm Meister. If I were better read in the German classics, the significance of the characters who attend upon the hero and of the episodes through which he passes might be clearer to me. I do know, however, that the book is about a young man's problems when he attempts to grapple with the demands of art, and Wenders's Wilhelm is such a one, and peculiarly ill-fitted for the task.

He aspires to be a writer, but, as he says, hates people. He is singularly unobservant and can "see" what he wishes to write about only when he shuts his eyes. Further, he is lethargic and, with one exception, passionless. He does feel tempted to kill one of his companions, Laertes (Hans Christian Blech), a traveling street musician who confesses that he was once an S.S. officer and has the blood of Jews on his hands. Others in the group are Mignon (Natassia Kinski), an acrobat and inept juggler who accompanies Laertes; Therese, an actress (Hanna Schygulla, who plays the title role in *The Marriage of Maria Braun*), and Landau (Peter Kern), a rather fat and very earnest young Viennese poet. This ill-assorted company follows Wilhelm (Rudiger Vogler) by train, by car and on foot wherever he chances to go. And for him it is entirely by chance, since he is looking for himself, a random quest.

Wenders is a talented man (*The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick, Kings of the Road, The American Friend*) and he achieves in this film a powerful mood of eerie romance. The companions say very little to one another and what they do say often lacks context. They pair off in various combinations, recall their dreams, recite snatches of verse. The men try, with no success, to get on some footing with Wilhelm; the women (one, more a girl) openly solicit him. He almost completely fails to respond; as he was at the beginning so is he at the end. All this builds a kind of suspense, the more so since everyone involved (except, perhaps, the roly-poly poet) seems capable of explosive assertion. Therese at one point does fly out at Wilhelm, threatening him with a hot iron and beating him with pages of his introspective notes; his response is to regret that she is keeping him from his writing (Wilhelm, it should be added, is ingenious at finding reasons not to write).

Thus *The Wrong Move* is a kind of drama, if an exasperating one. Whatever was Goethe's intent, a viewer today will almost certainly interpret it as a complaint that we are a people who cannot relate. The observation is not new, but I doubt that it has ever before been so rigorously demonstrated. Fortunately, the film is as beautiful as it is grudging of action. Robbie Muller is again Wenders's photographer. □

He has used his considerable talents not only to put complicated matters in simple, accurate terms, but also to organize his little book for maximum usefulness. — In These Times

LABOR LAW
For the Rank and Filer
by Staughton Lynd

This *Little Book* is designed to fill an unmet need among those who make up America's labor force. Their work lives are in many ways ruled by an entire set of complicated laws and court rulings — yet little or no effort has been made to allow anyone other than management or union officials (and their lawyers) an understanding of how rule by these laws is accomplished. Hoping to change this, Lynd carefully lays the nation's labor law before the reader and explains just what can and cannot be accomplished. *3rd printing.* 64 pp, 3½"x5", paperback/perfect-bound (0-917300-04-1) *$1.50* (+ 28¢ postage)

Write for free catalogue

SINGLEJACK BOOKS
Miles & Weir, Ltd.
Box 1906N
San Pedro, California 90733

Singlejack is an attempt to break down the isolation created by work and to replace it with trust among people who recognize their common experience... to give a voice to those people who are often objects of popular fascination but who have no medium through which they can describe themselves.
— *The Nation*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

Go National with The Nation's Classifieds: You can reach a large audience of discriminating, educated and concerned readers throughout the United States at very reasonable rates. We charge $3 per line (54 characters or spaces)—two-line minimum. Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free! Please enclose payment and send to Lindsey Weinraub c/o *The Nation.*

PUBLICATIONS

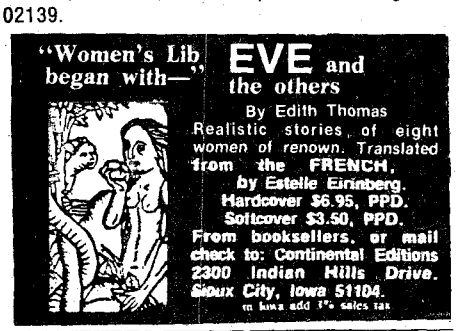
New! Nutritious! Make your own whole wheat bread. 12 recipes. $1.30 postpaid. BYLS, 6247 N. Francisco, Chicago, IL 60659. Guaranteed delicious. Quantity prices on request.

DISARMAMENT is the most important problem facing humanity today. The quality of life—in fact life itself—hangs in the balance. For a complimentary booklet *Disarmament in Attitude and Action,* write World Goodwill, Dept. TN, 866 U.N. Plaza #566, New York, N.Y. 10017

"TEN STRONG REASONS for PUBLIC OWNERSHIP of the ENERGY INDUSTRIES" a new pamphlet by labor professor Harry Kelber. Also describes how to nationalize them. Send $1 to STRAIGHT TALK PAMPHLETS, Box 1059, Grand Central P.O., New York, 10017 for minimum 3 copies.

NUTRITIONAL NONSENSE! Meat is not the best source of protein. A vegetarian diet provides more protein plus abundant vitamins and minerals. "What's Wrong with Eating Meat?" gives details. Send $1.95 plus 65¢ postage and handling to Ananda Marga Publications, Dept NT, 854 Pearl Street, Denver CO 80203.

Radical Teacher: Socialist Teaching, perspectives on higher ed. Special issues: Academic Profession; Adult Ed.; Mass Culture; Prop. 13. Send $3.00 each to **Radical Teacher**, Box 102, Kendall Sq. P.O., Cambridge, MA 02139.


"Women's Lib began with—"
EVE and the others
By Edith Thomas
Realistic stories of eight women of renown. Translated from the FRENCH, by Estelle Eirinberg.
Hardcover $6.95, PPD.
Softcover $3.50, PPD.
From booksellers, or mail check to: Continental Editions 2300 Indian Hills Drive. Sioux City, Iowa 51104.
In Iowa add 3% sales tax

"The Lesbian Primer," by Liz Diamond. "Lesbianism 101," to dispel "myth-conceptions." Witty/educational/illustrated; $4.85. Plain wrapper. Women's Educational Media, P.O. Box 533, Salem, Mass. 01970.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Community organizers. ACORN needs organizers to work with low- and moderate-income families in 19 states (AR, AZ, CA, CO, CT, FL, GA, IA, LA, MI, MO, NC, NV, OK, PA, SC, SD, TN, TX) for political and economic justice. Direct action on neighborhood deterioration, utility rates, taxes, health care, etc. Tangible results and enduring rewards—long hours, low pay. Training provided. Contact: Kaye Jaeger, ACORN, 404 Lodi St., Syracuse, NY 13203; (315) 476-5787.

PERIODICALS

Renewable Energy; Objectively reported. World news, events, politics, books, activities, technology. Monthly. Samples $2. Year's Subscription $10 (Corporations $18). Canadian Renewable ENERGY News. Box 4869, Station E. Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 5B4. Phone (613) 238-5591.

Missing INTERNEWS? For the most reliable reporting on Africa get AFRICA NEWS weekly digest. For a free sample send a business-size self-addressed stamped envelope to AFRICA NEWS, Box 3851N, Durham, N.C. 27702.

ASIA! In vol. 11 #4: 3 essays on Kampuchea/Vietnam; Also China, India, Korea. Vol. 12 #1: Women in India; Peasantry in Japan; "Corporate Zen" etc. Subs.: $14; copy: $3.50. *Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars,* Box W, Charlemont, MA 01339 US.

NATIONAL FORUM, QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF PHI KAPPA PHI, open forum for the analysis and discussion of issues of general social and scientific concern from an interdisciplinary perspective. For information write: *National Forum,* Box 19420A, Dept. C., East Tennessee State Univ., Johnson City, TN 37601.

LITERARY SERVICES

Formulas For Best Expression $2.75. M.C. Umbarger, 1204 Churchville Rd., Bel Air, MD 21014.

WRITER for top publications will edit/critique your copy to ale & $ucce$$. Write: BETTY WRIGHT, CREATIVE CONSULTANT, P.O. Box 1069N, Moore Haven, FL 33471.

Translations from Yiddish, Hebrew, Prose, Poetry, Manuscript, Typescript. Official notes $50 per 1000 English words. NAJJ, 5528 Raleigh St., Pgh. 15217.

BOOKS

Buy better books from solar to poetry. Catalog: 50¢. Dontso Books, 140 Mesa Vista, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

BOOKS WANTED

CHAGALL LITHOGRAPH I, II, III or IV in your library? Tell me book's condition, price. Blythe, Box 338, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520.

LEGAL SERVICES

Everyone should have a Will! To receive a Will Kit with printed Wills, send $10.00 to Rea-Cin, Inc., 701 Jefferson Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215 (immediate shipment).

COLLEGES & UNIVERSITIES

EXTERNAL MBA. No. Utah Management Institute, 312 Main, Box 1626, Park City, UT 84060.

ALTERNATIVE DOCTORAL PROGRAM. Southeastern University, 5163 de Gaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

INVESTMENTS

BUY STOCK BELOW MARKET, PAY NO COMMISSIONS? ONLY IF YOU OWN AT&T AND CERTAIN OTHER BIG COMPANIES. COMPLETE LIST, DETAILS: $2 DAVCOM, P.O. Box 1023J, WOODBRIDGE, VA 22193.

REAL ESTATE

SECLUDED, UNSPOILED 100 ACRE FARM, 80 acres in big timber, ponds, streams, house, barn, 2 cabins, shop, orchard, ski & bridle trails, $80,000. Write J. Gardner, Orangedale, Nova Scotia.

ART

Own a genuine Oriental Antique Porcelain item $60 each insured-postpaid. Others to $3,000. Bernie Berman, 755 Isenberg, Honolulu, HI 96826.

FARM & GARDEN

Maple syrup. Write for price list to: Richard Huyler, Kingdom Valley Farm, Chester Depot, Vermont 05144.

RECIPES

4 generations of good cooks = 1 good cookbook. Our Best. $3.25. MJ, Rt. 1, Box 195A, Rice Lake, Wi. 54868.

MERCHANDISE

QUIET! Do you crave it when grating city noise disrupts sleep, concentration, peace? Soft Sounds offers a superior small resilient ear plug from Sweden. Used worldwide in industry, cuts noise a phenomenal 25 db with unsurpassed comfort and night-long wearability. Send $2 for 2 pairs to Soft Sounds, Box 414, Albuquerque, NM 87103.

MISCELLANEOUS

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN ITEMS WANTED. HIGH PRICES PAID FOR POLITICAL BUTTONS, PINS, RIBBONS, BANNERS, ETC. CAMPAIGN, Box 490-N, SOUTH ORLEANS, MASS. 02662.

Remembered Forever! 27 Bullshit™ Accessories for a great gift. Catalog $1.00. Robert Weisman, 115 N. Rexford Drive, Dept. N., Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

COLLECTING MILITARY MEDALS? List .50¢. Vernon, Box 387N, Baldwin, NY 11510.

Become Legally Ordained Minister—credentials $3.00 donation. CHURCH OF WORLD PEACE, P.O. Box 12514, Denver, Colorado 80212.

"The Heartland Theory" by R. Murray, statements in various sound forms—for cassette send $5.95 ppd. to Heartland Publications, R. Murray, 1417 Huntington, Jonesboro, AR 72401.

HEALTH

SOCIONOMY, alone, can bridge the gap between social malaise and social health. Practical social judgment is in limbo until this matter is settled. The same tired, old methods will merely compound our ills. For a change of pace with social knowledge, try something new: THE LEAGUE OF REASON, 327 Patton, CA 92369.

STRESS REDUCTION—workshop-vacations; books, tapes, brochures. Pain and Health Rehabilitation Center™, Route 2, La Crosse, WI 54601.

FOR PUREST WATER—ALL PYREX vented water distillers. Fully automatic, no moving parts. Guaranteed. Scientific Glass Co. attention Natalie. 113 Phoenix, N.W. Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INNS

WILDWOOD INN: Cozy, inexpensive, bed & breakfast inn to spoil you. Brochure. Ware, MA. 413-967-7798.

VACATION RENTALS

Vacation Apartment for Two, near beaches. Swim, snorkel, explore V.I. Nat'l Park. $275 per week. All year. Barsel, Box 114, St. John, U.S.V.I. 00830.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

BACK IN CIRCULATION? Aware singles advertise in Contact High—free! Box 504-N, Mendocino, CA 95460.

Marriage minded Oriental ladies are waiting to hear from you. CHERRY BLOSSOMS Dept N Honokaa HAWAII 96727.

Catholic Friendship Circle, over-50 pen pal club. Specify. Box 872, Troy, N.Y. 12181.

SEEKING WIFE: MARRIAGE ONLY. If you are an intelligent, honest, gentle female of childbearing age, unencumbered, desirous of making home and family in an atmosphere of love, mutual respect and trust, and would like to marry a single, sincere, healthy, nonsmoker, nondrinker Ph.D. professional with no dependents and an energetic 51, then write with photo. Women on drugs, with any kind of health-destroying habits don't write. Maverick, P.O. 1116, San Luis Obispo, California 93401.

Male, coll. grad., 26, seeks independent wealthy woman to supply money + encouragement for partnership in business + life. P.O. Box 102, Bloomingdale, Ill, 60108.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: N, RD1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

SERVICES

BISEXUALITY. The largest sexual minority? Information kit $3.00. THE FORUM, P.O. Box 686, N.Y. 10028.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Pages and Pages every month of just how to make money in mail order. Sample copy 50¢ R.H. Paushter, 1254N 51 Street, Brooklyn, NY 11219.

WIN UP TO $10,000,000! Completely new, unique opportunity. Send $2 for details. ABC, Box 1507/NN3, Kingston, K7L 5C7.

Easy Home Income Stuffing Envelopes. Free Details. Tigo, Box 20535B, Portland, OR 97220.

$350.00 Weekly Guaranteed. Work 2 hours daily at home ($178.00 for one hour daily). Free brochure. MDZ, 112 W. 5th, Yankton, S.D. 57078.

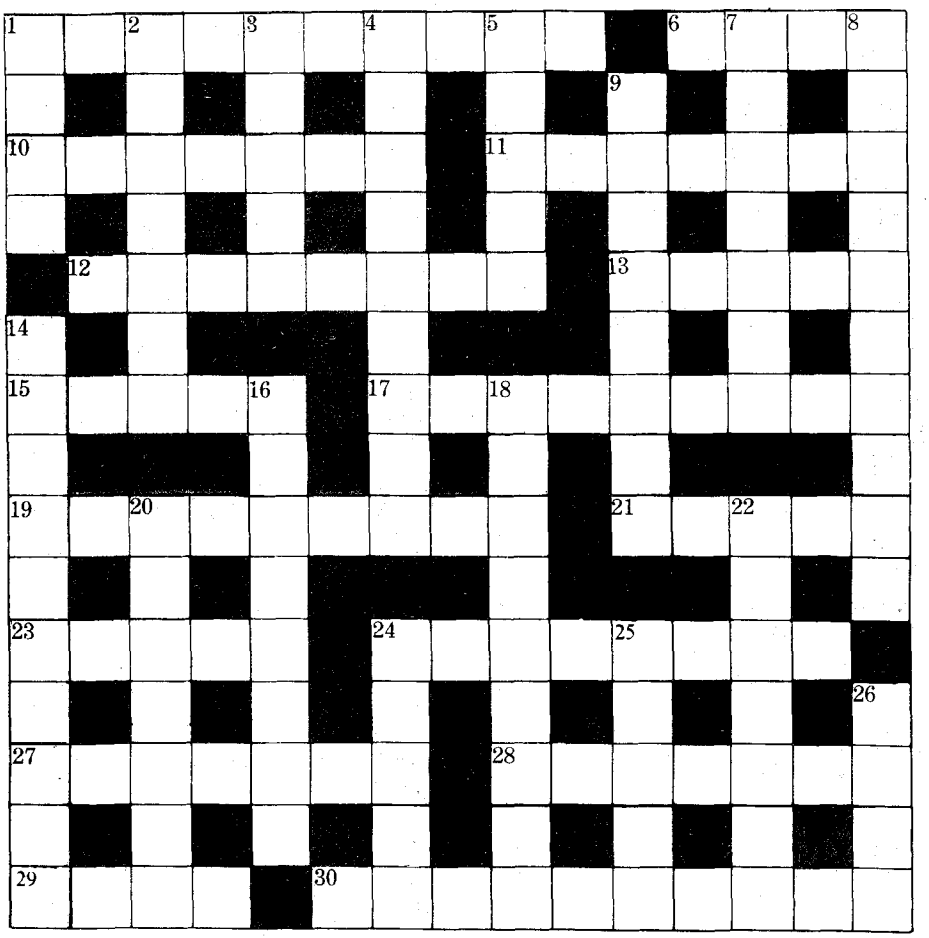
RECORDS & TAPES

Folk/Country Songs of the FDR Years, stereo LP by labor singer Roy Berkeley. Some fine old union rousers, plus Depression woes, Jim Crow blues, songs arguing WWII involvement, and Woody's superb Tom Joad. $6.75 to Roy Berkeley, Shaftsbury, VT 05262.

X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1808

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 3 down
6 Current measures of maps, possibly. (4)
10 It might seem paler in a confection. (7)
11 The dog rose like this? (7)
12 Rood exemplified by clandestine approach. (8)
13 Could the father-in-law of Jacob make such trite representation? (5)
15 and 26 down Toy boats associated with preservation of the species, and on a shark's disposition. (5,4)
17 Stated to be sent with utmost dispatch. (9)
19 More than warm with a child around a number from South Africa, typically. (9)
21 Otherwise Cheops. (5)
23 Hit, according to the *Times*. (5)
24 An early advocate of antisepsis with a scientific degree about the result of burns, perhaps. (8)
27 Take care of sex problems around it—at least in stretches. (7)
28 Pressing it might be responsible for the report being neater, in a sense. (7)
29 An order to pull 28? (4)
30 A sort of early mathematician takes the wrong seat, but makes things clear. (10)

DOWN

1 Undermines the position of things in the plant, but they're commonly stupid. (4)
2 Falls, to rise again with a foreign god. (7)
3, 1 across, 9 down and 7 down Adhere to quartzite types, a month with a short rest before taking my gambling equipment. (Such as Smith and Jones are safe, by comparison.) (6,3,6,3,5,2,5)
4 A waiting request gives an unspecified person importance. (3,6)
5 At the end of three months it should be warm. (5)
7 See 3 down
8 With all the details given, a charm, due to the final confusion. (7,3)
9 See 3 down
14 In stock, or forgotten to be so? (2,3,5)
16 Foreign drinking places she's about to have been in? (8)
18 One front so described, but you might consider it apricot. (9)
20 One who taunts, as the little bird might. (7)
22 Do you get it down wrong? Quite the opposite, which is correct. (7)
24 Bails out this way. (You'll make a mint with it!) (5)
25 It might be rounded before going home. (5)
26 See 15 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1807

ACROSS: 1 and 5 As mad as a hatter; 9 Golda; 10 Exempting; 11 Enchanted; 12 Erect; 13 Noonday; 15 Dredges; 19 Ordered; 21 Gamma; 23 Spendable; 25 Abominate; 26 Ruled; 27 and 28 Science fiction. DOWN: 1 and 17 As green as grass; 2 Male choir; 3 Drama; 4 Sweetly; 5 Amended; 6 Apprehend; 7 Twine; 8 and 17 across Right as a trivet; 14 Deviation; 16 Garibaldi; 18 Testate; 19 Oneself; 20 Dresden; 22 Maori; 24 Doric.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Corporate Giants have us in their clutches.

And as little people we haven't had the power to fight back effectively.

The Giants are too big.

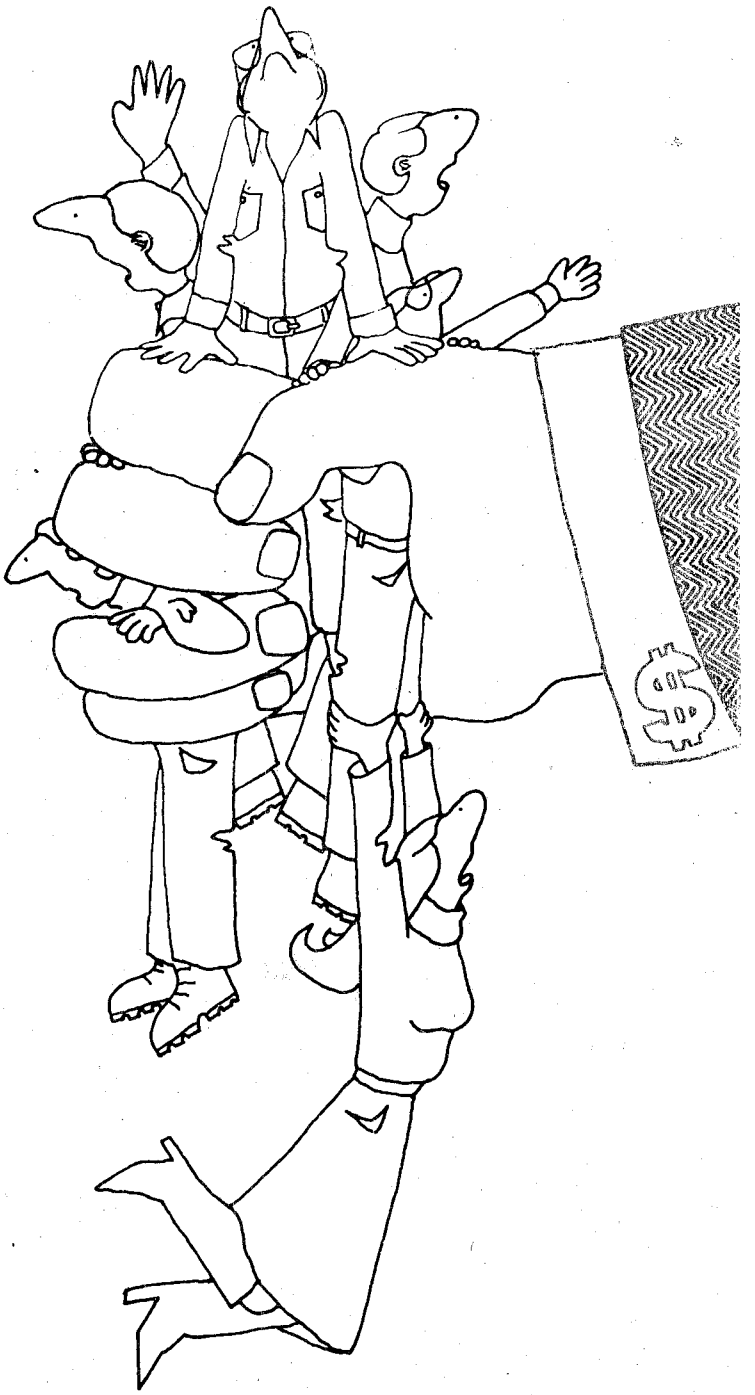
Corporate ripoffs cost the public over $200 billion a year, a Senate subcommittee estimates. Even the U.S. Chamber of Commerce admits that every year American firms commit Crimes in their Suites totalling $40 billion. Investigations have uncovered union-busting efforts, increasing hazards on the job, inadequate toxic waste disposal and additional air and water pollution.

To protest these abuses we have named April 17, 1980 national **Big Business Day**.

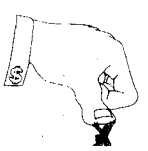
Join the growing coalition of labor, church, consumer, women's, minority and environmental groups in turning around our country in the 80's. Join us in discussing the alternatives—

- consumer co-ops
- credit unions
- small businesses
- Corporate Democracy Act of 1980.

Help us organize teach-ins, film festivals, demonstrations and other activities in your area. Help us make April 17, 1980 the end to Business As Usual.



Big Business Day
1346 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Room 411
Washington, DC 20036
(202) 861-0456



Yes, I want to help fight Crime in the Suites.
☐ Let me know how I can participate in Big Business Day.
☐ I want to be a local coordinator.
☐ Here's my check for _____ to make Big Business Day a success.

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BIG BUSINESS DAY April 17, 1980

Among the initiators of Big Business Day are: RALPH NADER (Consumer advocate), JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH (Prof. Emeritus, Harvard University), WILLIAM H. WYNN (Pres., United Food and Commercial Workers), DOUGLAS A. FRASER (Pres., United Automobile, Aerospace, and Agricultural Implement Workers of America), PATSY J. MINK (Pres., Americans for Democratic Action), JAMES FARMER (Exec. Dir., Coalition of American Public Employees), ED ASNER (Actor), CAESAR CHAVEZ (Pres., United Farm Workers of America), BISHOP THOMAS GUMBLETON (Auxiliary Bishop, Archdiocese of Detroit), JOYCE MILLER (Pres., Coalition of Labor Union Women), ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. (Albert Schweitzer Prof. of Humanities, City University of New York), RABBI MARC TANENBAUM (American Jewish Committee), WILLIAM W. WINPISINGER (Inter. Pres., International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers), JERRY WURF (Pres., American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees). *Institutional affiliation for identification purposes only.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED